

CARNIVAL CADE

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IF YOU SEE HIM,
CALL A COP!

—Peter C. J.





Postman, Nansen, messenger, man-servant — that was Zoko. He served, was shipwrecked, and became a military adviser.

The POSTMAN quelled a MUTINY

PETER HARGRAVES

HIS REAL NAME was Serge Zolototschkin, but on arrival with his mother in England as refugees from the Russian Revolution it was changed to Zoko. He was 18 when he left London in 1898, bound for Canada's Arctic regions—and a 12-year adventure odyssey that has few modern counterparts.

At Herschel Island off the north-western coast of Canada, Serge Zoko became a mail carrier and courier for the Hudson's Bay Company, at £1 a month. He completed his duties in November with an 800-mile trek across the Rockies to Fort Bent on Alaska and back again. He set off from Herschel Island on December 1 with three dog teams, an Eskimo guide and three company drivers going out on leave.

He left with a pile of books from his superiors as Herschel Island was without flour, tobacco, sugar or

limes—just the survey, due to the non-arrival of the supply ship. With the sea passage now securely frozen over, it could not get to the settlement before spring.

The overland route was the only means of obtaining the supplies. Serge Zoko, whose walking a few months before had been confined to the quadrangles of an English public school, now reluctantly set off on his 1600-mile arduous!

His first stop was at Old Crow Settlement, 200 miles due south across the mountains. To reach it he had to rely on dog reckoning for they were travelling practically all the time in the blackness of night. From November until the end of February in those northern regions, the sun disappears. Except for about an hour's "twilight" at noon, each day consists of unbroken darkness.

Through that, Zoko and his party trudged towards a camp dot 800 miles away. Almost constant blizzards with temperatures dropping to 70 degrees below zero slowed progress. They had food supplies for the total journey of ten days to Old Crow Settlement. After 20 days they ran out. For the next five days neither man nor dog had a mouthful of food.

At Old Crow they soon filled out the holes that hung on their fingers. With replenished supplies, they pushed on for the final dash to Fort Bent. This was over a well-marked trail with occasional timber for fire. In desperation they found the point so easy that they had no trouble in covering the 800 miles in a new record time of ten days.

Three weeks later, with the mail and stores loaded on two dog teams, Serge Zoko and the Eskimo made the return trudge alone. By the end of February they were back at Herschel Island.

Zoko set off again almost immediately over a 1600-mile route to Bernard Harbour, to deliver the mail for that post. By the time he got back it was spring again.

His duty over the winter months was to take the company's whaler, "Aldwick", and a party of men and build three shelter cabins along the coast on the route to Bernard Harbour. They completed two of the buildings.

At Point Dehounds, location of the third cabin, they fixed measurement in the ice for the winter. They delayed ice long.

He set off to Herschel Island. A worry was the short supply of petrol on hand for the whaler's auxiliary engine. If they struck heavy pack ice they would have to use it to try to break through.

Two days out from Point Dehounds the whaler got stuck

large floes that had drifted down from the North-West Passage. Zoko took a chance and started a primitive passage through tender ice.

That night they tied up to one of the icebergs. The morning was colder than the one before as winter came down like a blanket over the Arctic. Ice was beginning to form round the base of the berg.

They had had to cover only 180 miles in clear water. Herschel Island was still a good three hundred miles off.

After another day's progress they again tied up for the night and were lost during the darkness by a stiff wind. Zoko took a chance he thought to utilize it to help them on their way. The wind, however, brought snow and unpeeled visibility. After a few hours of盲fold, dodging under sail, they eventually piled up on an iceberg. An inspection showed a gaping hole in her bottom.

Then the whaler started to slip back off the berg. It landed in the water, which immediately began to pour through the hole. While his men frantically worked the pumps, Zoko went over the side and fixed a square of canvas with weights and ropes over the hole.

The suction of the water kept it firm and it almost plugged the hole. Timber and beams of were utilized as an additional "stopper" from the inside. The Aldwick was able to proceed on her way almost as good as ever.

With the dropping of the wind, Zoko had to revert to his engine and consequent消耗 of the petrol supply. It was increasing and the Aldwick could not crush its way through with its damaged bows. Undeterred, the young skipper doved a credit coxswain from his whaler and fixed it out in front. But there had to be a

point when the engine spluttered and gave out as the last drop of petrol was burned. It occurred when, by their reckoning, they still had 30 miles to cover to Herschel Island.

There was no alternative but to abandon the ship and let it freeze in for the winter. They tried to make the protection of a cove for it but only succeeded in holding it in a second place. All got ashore, left the Abisko but sank in a few minutes and was gone forever.

Zole and his men had to walk back over 60 miles on nothing of man's creation and one piece of dried meat per man per day. They had nothing left with which to burn but drunkenly passed in Arctic winter temperatures. And, there was no fuel for a fire even if they had the necessary ingredients.

Mostly makes away was safety. Each man had to cover it under his own power or die. The increasing temperature made it unsafe to carry without the excess of clothing. It also made it cold to sleep. There was no alternative but to sleep plodding on towards the distant goal. It was the only way to keep blood circulating and to stay alive.

Zole urged his charges on to Stikine Point, which they reached ten days after leaving the ship. It was still 30 miles away from safety at Herschel Island. But wood was available there and they built a fire. Razors were set and a few spots rubbed provided what to shave men with the hangups of their beards.

Exhaustion and the falling cold caused the collapse of several men and it was apparent they would have to be carried for the last leg. A sudden wind would, however, break the ice over which they had

to travel and blow it out to sea. They were separated now from their boat on Herschel Island by 20 miles of impassable ocean.

In a few days a thin layer of new ice had formed. With one man, Zole set out on a dash for help. The going was desperate, with every step likely to deposit the travellers in freezing water. They got about half way when fresh wind developed.

Zole decided to go back to Stikine Point for safety's sake. The other man refused to accompany him, preferring to dash on for Herschel Island. The wind was reaching gale force as Zole turned about. He ran all the way to Stikine Point, reaching it just before the tides took him again and was swept out to sea.

A week later stronger ice formed and the whole party were able to cross safely to the island. There was no sign there of the man who had left Zole to go ahead. He was never heard of again.

After another year with the Hudson's Bay Company, Serge Zole pushed off north to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He was proved to be could "get hot meat", by shooting dead a bear cub; in a gun duel, after receiving a .45 slug through his own hand.

Thinking of the law, he tried the other side. With a partner he bought an old fishing boat and began smuggling Chinese from Vancouver into the United States. Soon they were depositing 30 illegal Chinese migrants at lonely spots of the American West Coast every two days. Their profits were \$100 each trip.

All went well for several months until they struck competition: two other adventurers began the same racket and cut the prices

Zole and his partner cast the new figure and still made a mod profit. Then their arrival took out a shipload of Chinese and, instead of transporting them in the States as they had been paid to do, put them ashore on an uninhabited island in the Gulf of Georgia.

The Chinese nearly died of starvation before they were rescued. Fellow members of one of their secret societies sought vengeance and passed a death sentence on the scuppers.

Somehow they got their information wrong. They went after Zole and his partner. When the latter was found dead in an alley one morning with a dagger in his back, Zole quit the business immediately.

He signed on as a run-skipper, the "Mme. Lorraine", taking whisky and other liquor from Vancouver to the States. At sea the Captain, Lorraine, appeared Zole made over the rest of the 10-man crew. Only one, a big Irish tough named Flanagan, stayed. Zole had to beat him in a rough-and-tumble brawl before he could assume his new duties.

Anchored off Sea Pudio, the Mme. Lorraine was waiting for specimens from bootleggers whose to come out for the cargo when a revenue cutter appeared. The cutterman upstaged and carried off for two days was closely followed by the government boat, which effectively prevented any business being done.

Meanwhile trouble was brewing with the crew. The Irishman, Flanagan, led a mutiny with the object of taking control and stealing ship and cargo.

He shot Captain Lorraine with his own gun, stolen from his cabin. A few seconds later, however, he went sprawling on the deck with Serge Zole on top of him. They

fought it out and the Russian won. He got the gun, held Flanagan and the rest of the crew at bay and signalled to the revenue cutter. A party was sent aboard to take over the Mme. Lorraine.

At San Francisco, Flanagan went on trial for the murder of Captain Lorraine. He was convicted and executed.

Zole was freed to continue his adventuring through the Pacific to Tahiti, where he suffered shipwreck in an island trading schooner.

In 1898, Serge Zole, tired of wandering and returned to London. He married, picked up some money writing of his adventures and bought a small sloop, the "Hired", for a round-the-world voyage with his wife.

They set out in March, 1897. Three days later a small freight the Roma, ran off the English coast. She founders. Zole and his wife tried to reach shore in the drayful, but it was held up on the rocks. Their drowned bodies were found washed up on the beach the next morning.

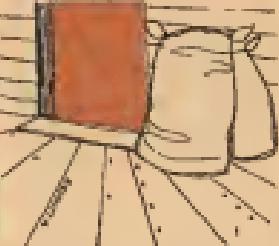
Ironically, the man, who risked his life across the world met his greatest adventure when he returned to the safety of home.



THE MULE THAT LED to death



Bert was a plodding man whose life revolved around his farm and Louella. And when a man loves Louella, Bert had to kill him.



BETTY M. HOGAN

BERT SMITH was a man with an all-consuming love. His name was Louella. His neighbours said when they saw the 35-year-old bachelor farmer crossing documents at her, putting his big muscled arms around her neck and running his leathery, whisky-blistered hands through her hair, that he was the wonder of Cumberland County, North Carolina, where Smith by hard work and uncompromising thrift had acquired two rich fertile farms.

For 15 years the pair had been the wonder of Cumberland County, North Carolina, where Smith by hard work and uncompromising thrift had acquired two rich fertile farms.

People liked the bushy, slow-speaking, honest Bert Smith. They admired his industry and the way he had forged a living out of a tiny rented block and gradually

hoisted himself up by his own efforts to comparative affluence. The only fault anyone in Cumberland County could ever find with him was his unerring admiration of Louella.

For 15 years she had shared his life. He looked at her and saw only beauty. Others looked and noticed obesity and unkindness. She was even cross-eyed. Her laconism, her bad temper, her jealousy over Bert Smith were notorious.

Louella, all agreed, was just about the ugliest "bitch" you ever did see. But that did not affect Bert Smith's worshiping admiration. He remembered things the others forgot, how, when he

first started, Louella had worked as hard as herself. She had cleared scrub, even pulled out stumps. She had been a bulwark against loneliness.

Now Louella was old. Her joints creaked like a rusty nail. But for all that she still tried to think she was helping out a little round the farm. As a result, although he now had a shiny powerful tractor for such jobs, each Saturday Bert Smith took her out and hauled her up so he could plough a tiny turnip patch.

Louella might be cranky and untidy and only a funny little happy-go-lucky crake, but she had her pride. Bert Smith wanted her to know she was still worth her salt.

On Saturday morning, September 18, 1936, the pair of them were out in the turnip patch. Louella seemed to groan as Bert Smith went into the act that was a sort of prelude joke between them.

"Get along there, yes suggesting she-devil," Smith blithely drawling a big snort. "Get along or I'll beat the daylight out of you!"

Louella still stood placidly in the turnip patch. Bert Smith was shouting as he left his position and walked up to the mule. She looked at him with one wise beady eye. He thrust his hand into a pocket in his overalls. When it came out again Louella leaned over and daintily took the piece of sugar his fingers held with her strong yellow teeth. While she crunched away contentedly, Bert Smith reached out and put an arm around the mule's neck. He bent forward and touched his face against her.

Smith stopped as an old plowboy of a man stepped up the back road that skirted his property. He noted a man and woman sitting in the front and a brood of children pattered into the back.

A thin, careworn, roughly dressed man slouched. He scrambled through the fence and came across the paddock to where the former stood with Louella.

"You Mr. Smith?" he quavered as he approached. When Bert nodded weakly, he went on. "Now you got a farm might be my next."

Bert Smith had learned the folly of opening his mouth too wide and too quickly. He grunted non-committally. He did want to find a tenant for his adjoining farm, but he wanted someone able to pay a fair rent.

The newcomer explained that he was looking for a place urgently as his family was homeless. He said he could pay a little down and the rest when he sold his first crop.

That was exactly what Bert Smith did not want. He thought to get rid of the difficulty with a wry remark, "Only reason I want to rent my place is to raise some cash quickly."

The skinny man in front of him sighed. "I haven't got much," he measured, "and I've got to get my wife and kids settled. I could pay ten dollars." Bert Smith's face was expressionless as the other added, "How about 25 dollars?"

Bert Smith was still not interested. He shook his head. He picked up the reins of the mule. "Get along, Louella," he ordered the animal and took a few leisurely steps as though considering the matter.

The peasant spoke again with a psychology born of desperation. "That's a nice smile you've got there, mister," he observed.

Bert Smith and Louella seemed to stop of one accord. The farmer took another look at the stranger. "You like mules?" he questioned.

He was told that the other used to breed them. Bert Smith's eyes shone. "Well, now, that's mighty

interesting." He dropped the reins. Perhaps he'd been too hasty. "How do you care to get through the witness?" he queried.

The man explained that he worked as a carpenter. He said his name was John Willard.

Bert Smith became almost effusive. "I need some excusing myself," his voice lowered. "You fix my barn roof and I'll take it off your neck."

Later that night a farmer driving home along the road by the side of Bert Smith's property saw a figure in the headlight. When he got out to investigate, he found the man was dead. There were shotgun wounds in the face and head and he bore evidence of a kick on his right shoulder and a almost ring of teeth-marks on his tail.

The owner who had arrived to examine the body declared that he must have been in a rough-and-tumble fight before he was killed. He had been kicked and bitten and then dashed off with shotgun.

Sheriff Ranch was told that the dead man had gone to see Bert Smith about renting a farm. From the road, lights could be seen in Smith's kitchen windows. With Deputy Prochett, the sheriff hurried there.

Questioned as to whether Jake Willard might have, Mrs. Willard revealed they had left another farm some distance away because of money troubles. Her husband had debts and one creditor had threatened trouble if he was not paid.

At that moment Bert Smith arrived to see what the commotion was. Smith accompanied the officers back to identify the body. On the way, in answer to the sheriff, he explained that he had just seen Willard late that afternoon. He had left the new tenant the rest of

Louella to tend to some wood.

The two officers looked at the farmer in surprise. "I didn't think you'd let anyone else touch her," remarked Deputy Prochett.

"She was a little weak too," explained Bert Smith, "used to piano then."

The officers returned to Concho-
ler County to consult with Willard again as to the exact throat blade against her husband by his condition.

After they left her they walked over to leave a few dollars with Bert Smith to help out with food and accommodation for the widow and her children. They could not see her about the farm yard so started towards the barn.

Suddenly a shout came from the house. It was Bert Smith on the veranda. "You keep out of that barn," he shouted. In his excitement he rushed down the veranda steps, slipped and fell heavily to the ground.

At the same time there was a wild commotion from the barn. Hoover smashed against wood. A doe went flying. An ugly old cross-eyed male jumped out. She looked around, weary, plainly evident in her eyes and trudged to Smith's side.

When the sheriff tried to help the farmer to rise, she bared her teeth threateningly. Smith called her off and staggered to his feet. He took her by the arm and tried to drag her back to the barn. The sheriff stopped him. He pointed to up, open cuts and warts on the animal's back. They had been obviously gnawed with saliva but Louella had plainly received a brutal beating.

In reply to questioning Bert Smith said he had whipped the mare for kicking him. Asked about cuts on his chest, which had started

to bleed following the fall, he said he had run into a pitchfork.

Sheriff Ranch could see the man was lying. The big farm owner was not used to subterfuge and guilt was evident on his face. The sheriff took a piece of blind.

From a rabbit trap he picked up a stick and rod. He held it out to the farmer. All right, Bert, he said. "Let's see you walk into her again and we'll believe you and go away."

Bert Smith took the weapon. He raised it while Louella looked at him. He looked at her sure, lowered back and winced. The hand should not bring down the iron bar even to avoid a morsel charge.

With a cry he tossed the bar far away. He bent and got his arms round the fat little mare's neck. "Louella, honey," he wailed, tears streaming down his face, "there's no one going to hurt you and I've while I'm around."

Bert Smith was arrested for the murder of Jake Willard and made a full statement on what had occurred. He stated that the new tenant had borrowed Louella to tend some wood. He had given her to her because he claimed to be a "little man." However, when he brought her back, her flanks were running with blood from a cruel beating. His excuse was that she had kicked him. When he bent to pick up a wooden club, she had bitten him on the ear.

Hoover went crazy and herded himself off Willard. The great head bared off with his knife and ran away. Getting his shotgun, Smith waited until to see Willard leave his house and go down the road towards the store. He followed and shot him to death at a spot well screened from observation by trees.

Bert Smith went on trial for the murder of Willard. He was con-

The average man, deep down, loves his country simply because it is physically more comfortable to him than any other, because, like an old pair of shoes, he is used to it because its cooking suits his stomach better than the cooking of other countries, because he can't find a harbor anywhere else as good as his home harbor, and because its girls seem prettier to him than the girls of any other land.

visited and sentenced to life imprisonment.

He went off in the State Penitentiary without complaint when told that Louella was being well cared for by a peasant "little man." No one had the heart to tell him the truth.

When Sheriff Ranch went back to the farm after locking Smith in jail on the day of his arrest, he found the mare lying dead by the side of the property.

Her master had locked her up in another stable before leaving. She had frantically knocked her way out to follow him, swearing an outcry in her box in the process. She had made it to the gate but was too weak to get through it. She collapsed on the ground and died. Her head was hanging down the way Smith had gone.

Sheriff Ranch buried the mare himself. The spot he chose for her grave was in the middle of the tiny turnip plot she and Bert Smith used to plough every Saturday morning.

The turn of a card

PAUL SPURGEON related me by letter just a fact. It was a royal flush I passed my chips toward the centre of the table, skinned my jaw and stuck it in my chair while the tea-light over-head light cast rays in my temples.

Then the Duke was the first to late "You stay with you, Peaty," he said, passing through his cold teeth. "Just to be kind of sensible."

One other possible rays stayed on the hot Axman from me. Bradley, the heavy set block on my right.

MICHAEL BOUNDER

To me he had all the marks of a boom-camp sharpie, I had watched him like a hawk. Whenever he had dealt, four or five of the other players, including Hoen, had leaned back in their chairs with their backs on their gun belts. And I had directed to think what a weight of lead Mr. Bradley would have carried across the bank with him if one player had ever slipped.

On the present hand Bradley stayed in a lot of chips. "Be you and up forty," he said.

I hesitated just long enough to make the play look good. "Okay," I said, sort of hesitating. "And may more borders."

He struck and called me. I showed him what I had. The puff went out of his brows and I

A fast switch, an upturned card, and there I was — on against the wall with a gun in my head.

was staring into glittering black ice. Suddenly he leaned toward me and jerked a card off my lap.

It was a trick, and I knew it, but it had happened so fast that all I did was open my mouth and think.

Bradley held up the card so everyone could see it. "Well, guess an' tellin' nowellers," he said, "just looks that."

Some of the players knew me, but not all. Those that didn't were a stock I had to reckon with. The safest way is to pull a second or two ahead of them, which I did, holding the hand but of my sit close up to my chest and giving them a picture of a small dark hole rimmed with steel.

"Wait a minute," I said, "there's only a nose-green slight-of-hand trick. He had the card up his sleeve and—"

I slipped the words off my tongue too late to check the blunder. Bradley had his sleeves rolled up. Some other way, Lord knows how, he had managed the hexcuppers without anyone seeing him.

Pete Burke, who'd always been a friend of mine, looked idly at me and shook his head. "Everybody counts your cards," he proposed. "That will show up the error. If Bradley's right, including the one he's holding, run one over, then that means that the ghost card was fished from the deck."

"But it doesn't mean that I fished it from the deck," I objected, pointing at Bradley.

"The card was taken from the deck," Burke responded after the count. "Now what's your decision, gent? Will we give Peaty the pot at the benefit of the doubt or leave the pot where it is to even up the next round?"

"The next round." The vote was

unanimous, the voices unfriendly.

I stood up, still holding my copper on there. "No go," I said. "I played an hard luck all night. Then I get a winning hand and just because a smart sharper from out of town starts his monkeyshines, I'm to be copped to that it!"

Pete Burke dropped his eyes. "Sorry Peaty," he mumbled, "but the majority rules."

No money on the table. Only chips. Just worthless bone chips, colored pretty. I felt in a fury of helplessness. Near fourteen hundred represented there and we not a cent in my pocket. My hat was two hundred and ten paid over to the banker. Heard the Duke just before the last hand had been played. Now the two hundred dollars were chips mixed in with twelve hundred dollars worth of other chips. All I could do was turn to Hoen. "Cash that pile," I ordered, "had no funny business. Pet 'em out!"

Heard had a money-box locked in front of him and it was one of the house rules that each box had to be holed to the table. The key was in Hoen's pocket. "I'll give you ten seconds to unlock it," I said. "Just ten seconds, then I'm starting to shoot the an new and unlock it."

A cold trickle of sweat ran into my left eye. We were seven at table and all except one or two packed guns. Actually, what it amounted to was one lone man deployed in several hostile ranks; those were an even dozen heads, each within the power of movement and the threat of death. Heable sure, and probably as good as most, were six well-equipped reinforced bodies against me.

I was especially loony of a big new-found Canadian, heading from the Upper Yukon, who had come

here in Alaska to hunt. He had the hunting look a hunter has after an months living on fish. To him, anything that can walk, is meat.

Right enough. Two to go. Something had to give. Abruptly Head cracked an arm at the elbow and started for the key. Slow as summer morning in on the North Pole. He fiddled in his dinner vest and finally produced the key.

While Head was searching and slinking the shapes and sounding them, I stood by my chest thinking how I would walk out of that den of scum with a clear conscience and square up with all those wolves outside howling for my life.

For the truth was getting bad inside me. I could Chukchi Head for my room and board, Sam's partition alone for the clothes I wore, but the goddam thing was the small matter of six hundred and sixty-five dollars Beckman's Jewellery still had owing after I had plunked down a hundred smackers for a ring I had bought and given to my little friend, Nancy.

Beckman had threatened to go to Nancy to expose me and recover the payment from her. For me, the

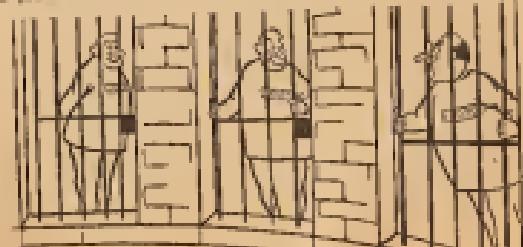
past days had been colors hard and trying, on account of Nancy had extracted from me a promise to put poker cards into my life, forever.

But that was just before I had met Beckman out gamblin' for me. I had only two choices open: Rob the town's leading trading store or break my promise and set in with Head the Duke. Preferably the honest way. I borrowed silver traps from a bootlegger, and here I was and here the Duke had to wait his thumb those traps, causing the first stack of kills.

"I didn't cheat," I said. "And I'm entitled to this money."

Friley flattened the sheet and in front of me. "Then how you gonna explain that?"

It was the sheet, coupled with the noise that passed me to the breaking point, upsetting my best intentions. I let him smack at the head with the barrel of the 44. There was a second of silence, dead weight in the room, heavy like tons of lead. But no one was looking at me, in the audience now, except in Friley. The boom-boom sharp had sunk, splashed in his chest, head angled forward on his sheet, and was sitting top-down.



"I only regret I didn't sentence you to 99 years when I had the chance!"

under the table, I went cold. Across the table, I met the sombering stare of Pits Burton.

"Mistake," he said.

With one exception, everybody stood up, I include Friley and I've got a suspicion Burton didn't even know what expression given on his pile. It didn't look good.

They would leave me there with the body, which was now my property anyway, to warm out of it the best I could.

From the tail of one eye I took a quick glimpse of the one exception that had had the guts to stick the Canadian banner.

"The goop may not be dead," he said. "Then I'll examine him."

"Go right ahead," I said.

One more silence fell. Dead weight from forgotten pipes clinging to the air. Those principles circled my neck.

"I think he's going to live," the Canadian burker said like he knew to admit it. The burker shouldered. "Don't worry about him any more," he said. "I might as well tell you I came across the border with evidence papers on him. Notorious gambler and killer, Jim Seven Friley is an allie."

"And you?" I snarled.

"Sergeant Bea Cleve, Royal Canadian Mounted Police," he told me.

Then he beckoned me over and showed me some things he'd just taken from Friley's pocket. A pipe passed with Canadian and American bills, a一二一二 shape that Cleve said was forged, two small bottles, one of morphine and the other some kind of knock-out drops, and last—and to me most important of all—four docks of marked cards and three sets of loaded dice.

"I knew all the time that angel card wasn't yours," Pits said.

From the Duke cracked over and patted my arm. "Tim sorry, Pitsy. The pot's yours, all yours."

"Hold on," the Mavine said. "Gamblin' is illegal and, though I have no jurisdiction here whatsoever, I find it would be turn you guys in and sentence—!"

I didn't hear the rest of what he said on account my head spun and my ears stopped up. I got numb and woozy and was helped to a chair.

"Take it easy," Sergeant Cleve said. "There's a reward of two thousand dollars for the apprehension of Jim Seven, alias Friley. Though I followed him here and would have taken him right after the game, I feel you are entitled to a lot of credit."

"Knewt" paraded a pot of smoke, a cigarette, just a Scotch cigar. Shot him down from cinders. I would have given my right arm to have been in your shoes with a clashed gun and the authority to use it."

"Well," I said. "You're nice if you but I'm still in a jam."

"How come?"

"If the justice of peace does me for gambling, I lose my girl, Nancy."

Cleve's eyes crinkled. "That gives an entirely different light on everything. Is the lady beautiful?"

"She sure is," I said. "I'd do anything for her I even promised to give up poker."

"Fine," Cleve said. "Not to avoid implication, take your pot and screen. And don't forget your promises. Nor shall I. Mine. The reward will be mailed to you next week."

I thanked them all, shook hands, glanced back at the mess on the floor, then headed out on the blinding street and turned north toward Beckman's Jewellery.

Cine Capsules

34

HARMONICA HARMONY

Police arrested Terry Pachino for playing the harmonica while driving his car along the street in Sutton, England. They charged him with reckless driving. In his defense Pachino stated that the player of a harmonica did not interfere with his driving because he could always hold the instrument in his teeth if he needed both hands on the wheel. He was given a fine, now on, much more on the highway!

WHOOSHIN

Louis W. Schneider, of Connecticut, U.S.A., made a survey comparing fiction with fact. He listed some common fallacies, to wit: Murder will out, a common phrase with fiction written, is not correct, as the number of unsolved murders is enormous, the eye of a deceased person containing the name of the murderer is impossible, the murderer returns to the scene of his crime to see that there is no harm for the saying that the murderer always does so, "dead men tell no tales" is not correct, particularly in these days of science, because what they tell depends on the care, diligence and efforts of the investigation; a drowning person sinks down three times before staying down it fails—he may go down just once, or he

may continue to struggle, going down and regaining the surface many times until he loses consciousness.

THAT HELD HIM

Private Anthony Newton, British Army, was so disgusted when he drove his vehicle pull up and give him a lift when he was trying to hitch-hike back to camp, he struck a piece of barbed wire across the road—and walked. A motor cyclist came along and ran into the wire. The rider had to go to hospital and have 21 stitches to his face. Newton went up for trial.

HIS NAME ON IT

A common expression in the Army during the war was "I'd a bullet here my name on it I will get it." David Mickens, aged 18, a Baltimore negro, had his name inscribed on a bullet and that bullet landed in his chest. As well as his name was the date of the shooting. Police arrested another negro, Lewis Melvin, aged 19. Melvin recovered.

THEY WERE AHANGED

When Thoreau broke into a building at Deluth, Minnesota, U.S.A., and found only 29 dollars in the safe, they became enraged and poured glue and ink over the floor, and broke all pens and pencils they could find.

un- spoiled maid

Photo: Paul Hester





"Bud, bud. You can't do
that to me, even if I am
top-secret and Aljed," says
the dog. In these words the
pooch could be describing
an ex-Czech entrepreneur
he seems to be stockchartering.



During the photo, our 1991
win showed a healthy and—a
frequent symptom of her 14. In
her interview, Bud, the birthday
pooch, also barks (and),
Mr. Hines. Good-bye, good-



"Did you hear me? We believe we heard you holler, 'Fours'!"

LOUIS LADLAW



He said he created Life

[I]N these days of atoms and nuclear fusion we have come to be less and less surprised at stranger and stranger things that have come to pass, but back in 1857 people only believed what they saw and anything that they couldn't understand they didn't believe.

And it was in 1857 that we took into the room of a large mansion set on a rise in the remote Quantock Hills of England. Most nights here the wind whistled eerily and tore at the trees round the big house, rattling through the eaves and creating the right atmosphere

for the dramatic events taking place within.

At work in the laboratory was Andrew Crosse, a man who was to prove a factor in England's life before assassinated by a single note. He was to be destined as a blipper, a thunder-and-lightning man and a would-be Frankenstein. He was to be hounded into seclusion by an axis public and nearly burned at the stake on several occasions. Andrew Crosse's crime was that he apparently created life.

He did it by accident rather than design. It in reality he did perform that seemingly impossible feat. But at all times he denied repeated allegations that he was deliberately attempting to imitate the powers of the Almighty.

Crosse was a man who had the intent to spend all his time

conducting all electrical experiments in the big house on the hill. Strictly an amateur, he had no scientific training and his experiments were largely on a hit-or-miss basis. He knew little and could less about the experiments and discoveries of other scientists.

He was kindly interested in electricity and participated in the Faraday effects on producing crystals in solutions. It was during one of these experiments that he made his astonishing discovery.

Croce had gone in the (possibly) departing a plate of glass of zinc from Vassar and directed it to a mixture of hydrochloric acid and a solution of silicate of potash. He passed a weak electric current through the stone and solution and waited for the silicon crystals to appear on the stone.

On the 14th day Croce noticed a few white "pixies" had appeared on the stone. On the 15th day, with the aid of a magnifying glass he saw that the tiny protuberances had enlarged and were throwing out seven or eight thin elements each.

By the 20th day the paper-thin layer was disintegrated by what he saw. The lumps had become the shapes of almost identical snakes, standing upright on a few brackets that resembled tiny tails. The smaller had six legs, the larger eight.

Croce had by now had new thoughts of the appearance of crystals, stones, etc., he admitted, but secretly as living beings. Two days later the snakes missed their legs and soon after launched themselves from the plate of zinc paste and were freely about in the potassium solution. More and more of them appeared until in a few weeks Croce had a collection of 300 of these strange snakes frolicking around in their electrically charged domain.

But Croce refused to believe what he had seen, which was what any other scientist would have done in the circumstances. He first of all decided that the insects had come from a dropped by insect flying around in the air of his laboratory and hatched out by electric action. But he could find no trace of any insects in the apparatus and when further exhaustive tests found no way of accounted for the snakes, instead Croce said he named them.

The snakes had some extremely strange qualities. When in the formative stage there was no way of telling the future insects from minute crystals of silicon. They both have six elements but instead of strong staff and brittle as in the crystals case, these belonging to the insects became soft, pliable and waved about.

Croce found that although the snakes could live in the potassium solution in which they appeared, they could live in the outer air until the first frost came. But, if once they had emerged from the liquid, they were placed back in it, they immediately died. Croce was at a complete loss to explain any of the phenomena and when he made his discovery public he said so.

But he was unprepared for the uproar the announcement created. Chardronnes were written in their attack on the "charlatan". Some critics of the press wanted him pilloried and scientists openly ridiculed his statements. But out of the above came a statement from a gentleman called Faraday. He declared that exactly the same damp had occurred during some of his experiments. But his support received little attention and Croce was forced by public opinion into even greater seclusion. The only

information available about his later experiments was contained in "Transactions of the London Electrical Society" (the 1880 and "Annals of Electricity" (1887).

It appears that Croce became interested by the sport and sought desperately to find an answer to their existence. He dissolved the stone of iron oxide and produced the insects in concentrated solutions of copper silicate, copper sulphate and zinc sulphate, all electrically charged over long periods, sometimes up to two years. The snakes appeared at the edges of the solutions.

He produced them in a retort devoid of outside air, one were being led through the glass well and the other up the spent after passing through a cup of mercury serving the entrance. He connected the battery, and oxygen and hydrogen were given off from the solution, which soon drove out all the air. The apparatus had previously been washed thoroughly with hot alcohol. It was placed in a dark cellar and on the 18th day Croce saw an snake crawling about inside the retort. But he made the mistake of not providing the moist with a heating place and shortly after a bell rang into the liquid and died.

He later produced again in an atmosphere strongly impregnated with the gas chlorine. But these insects were different from the other seen, in that, although perfectly formed, they did not move or show any life. Undoubtedly they were alive though, Croce says, because they stayed there for two years without showing any signs of deterioration.

Any other information about this strange man's experiments was unfortunately not published or made available to the public. These are

They told this story in England when the food shortage was most acute and the nation went on a diet of food not eaten there before. A Doctor at the zoo asked the hyperactive why he was looking so sad. The hyper replied, "Wouldn't you be worried if you were? If you are eating ham and beans, you are eating whale meat. That's no tailing where it will end!"

the facts as presented by him. There is nothing to support his critics' allegations that he was seeking knight. It was only through the pressure of friends that he made public his discovery. He died on July 6, 1889 at the age of 31, still unable to account for the mold-free strictly denying that he had ever sought to be the Frankenstein that people commonly accused him of being.

Perhaps we could pass off Croce's experiments as just a fraud if it was not for a Mr. Weeks, of Greenwich, Connecticut, however kindly interested in Croce's work and went further with them, making absolutely sure that no foreign bodies were present in the chemical apparatus and ensuring that none could enter.

Invariably the "serus claviger" appeared after the current had been passing through the chemicals for about a year and a half.

Weeks made control experiments, using two sets of identical apparatus, same chemicals but did not

use electricity in one of them. Always the insects appeared only in the charged unit.

One of Weeks' apparently most interesting findings was that the number of eggs produced varied correspondingly with the amount of carbon in the solutions used.

But that is all we know about this man's experiments. It is assumed that he dropped them, either unable to provide any plausible key to their formation or afraid to go farther for fear of what may happen.

The queer case of Crozer's bees has been argued by a few scientists and laymen ever since, but no one has ever advanced a logical theory.

Some scientists said that Crozer's insects were known types. One, Dr. A. C. Odegaard, stated in 1934, that the insects were a common type of household moth, the *Glycophaga Domestica*, which was extremely difficult to kill and which was known to penetrate the cans which apparently were hermetically sealed. Some say that if Crozer's and Weeks' facts are correct then no insect yet known could have survived in the solutions that they used for the periods stated and behaved in the way they reported. But these men arrive at the secret of creation of life or is there something beyond it all that defies explanation? What do you think?



"Hie and shine! It's time for bed."



JAMES HOLLEDGE

Jelly roll Jazz king

AS aging Creole died in a "sharp" development suit and with a glittering diamond set in one of his front teeth was granted deferentially by officials when he arrived at Washington's Library of Congress one May morning in 1935.

He took the courteous respect naturally as his due. Was he not Jelly Roll Morton, a genius of the piano? Was he not the father of modern jazz? Was not the Library of Congress recognizing his importance in arranging for him to record his composition as an addition to their archives on the folk lore of America?

He only became a great musician because a woman buried him neck-deep in a swamp for three days and nights.



American continent alone and driving two cars at once.

His name began with Jolly Bell from a he netted several fortunes, but his earnings never could keep pace with his frivolous spending. He died penniless in a squashed Los Angeles rooming house, where he had gone to conduct weird secret voodoo experiments.

Jolly Bell came from New Orleans, where Norbert had made an epithet name for gamblers. He was born in 1885 in a tenement in the city's notorious but dangerous "red-light" district.

His real name was Ferdinand in Morris. His father was a huckster of French ancestry. The mother was a highly quadrupe beauty who left him uprooted to his godmother, a professional voodoo witch.

At six months he had seen the interior of a jail. A young woman, with whom his godmother had left him while she acquired up a few evil spirits for initiations, got him a saloon brawl. She was dragged off to the lockup and Ferdinand spent the night in her cell.

The godmother paid for nurse lessons for him. At seven he had developed into a precocious gambler and was able to earn his keep by appearing at one of a night club tea. At ten Ferdinand switched to the piano, and he blossomed forth as a fully-fledged member of a young bohemian gang known as the "Broadway Bells". In a few years he was an accomplished roofer, slinging rough with a 22 pistol in his pocket for good measure.

His name remained his primary. All around him was music, forgotten tunes and songs and folk songs of a downy melancholia that had somehow blended into new wild, blistering "blues". It was

hummed and played and danced to all over New Orleans, although no one had thought of setting any of it down on paper as a music score.

Ferdinand played that music. He played it for a living in dives and cabarets and cinemas. At 15 he became a piano-tunning "professor" in one of the city's innumerable houses of bargains. His pay was a mere dollar a night, but he always earned much more from the tips the girls weighed out of their visiting for him.

On his wages he was able to deck himself out in extravaganz clothes that left the Broadway Berlin girls — transvestites as night they lived "like a mosquito", silk shirts, Steven hats and high-heeled shoes to increase his height.

In the evenings the show Ferdinand invented coloured lights worked from a pocket battery. The idea, of course, was to attract attention.

Soon Jolly Bell Morris was the best known pianist in New Orleans. He changed his name to Morton. The title of "Jolly Bell" was bestowed on him by some of his fans on the way his stomach "wriggled" when he laughed. His inspired piano playing was earning him up to 100 dollars a night by the time he was 17.

Jolly Bell thrived. He avoided the vices and saved his money. He sat down one night and composed the immortal "Stardust". Like a dynamo, he played the piano all night at his "work" and practised for pleasure all day.

For all that, at 18, Jolly Bell suddenly decided he would sooner be a mad sharp and gambler and callow room shark than a musician. He left New Orleans and wandered through small towns of the South, practising his "pool" playing on the tables and picking up a precarious living cheating at cards.

He developed a fair ability at pool, but at cards he was a better chess player. Once, with an older, more experienced trickster as a partner, he got into a poker game

in New Orleans in a large legging shop. All went well until Jolly Bell, ignoring his partner's advice to leave the money to him, tried to palm them over out of his share and was detected. He probably would have been broken in the spot had not his friend looked his extreme youth and vowed to pay everyone what they had lost. The sharpies got off of no comp trouble.

The pair "jumped" a freight train for a free ride. They were pulled out by a couple of guards and hauled off to the local lock-up.

Both escaped 1908, an offence for which they were further sentenced to 100 days on the county jail yard.

Jolly Bell managed to communicate with friends in New Orleans. They got money to him. With it he bought the goods on his going. As a result, when he jumped from aerry and scampered towards a patch of woods in a desperate escape bid, the rifle shots that whistled over him all went high.

He reached a farm, stole some clothing from a washline and made his way to the town of Mandeville. A good friend had him for a fortnight until the man and his dog died down and he then returned to New Orleans and remained as "professor" in a lonely house.

But not for long. The fame of Jolly Bell Morton was spreading through the city. One of the most-visited white restaurants, known as the "Broadway", engaged him as pianist at a salary which dwarfed that of any other entertainer in New Orleans.

The mother and father were dead

and his only "relative" was his godmother. On her he based the affection of a son and to the end of her life kept her in luxurious comfort.

When Jolly Bell contracted typhoid fever while appearing in Chicago dance halls in the 1920s he was left with his hands half paralysed. No doctor could help him.

Returning to New Orleans, he sought voodoo treatment from his aged godmother. She took him in a swamp outside the city and for three days kept him completely immured, with only his hand protruding, in a secret pool of slime. He emerged striking worse than a shark on the verperg—but with the paralysis completely cured.

At that time Jolly Bell Morton was a national celebrity. When he worked at the "Broadway" in New Orleans in 1920, however, his fame was still confined to the city.



The young Louis Armstrong was a better model of Jolly Bell Morton.

But it was sufficient to encourage a group of other pug players to a point where they wished him out of sight and beat him into inactivity with clubs.

A club wielded by one of his attackers had knocked out a piece from a Morton front tooth. He had a huge, diamond-studded, framed wire gold, inserted in the spot. It was his trademark thereafter.

Towards the end of his life, when eclipsed by younger magicians and he found the going tough, he never found it necessary to recourse to his diamond teeth—although at times he was reduced to playing in clubs for coffee and doughnuts.

In 1942 Jelly Bell left New Orleans and moved to Chicago and then to California with a good band of his own. From it he earned his first fortune that he was to lose over the gambling tables.

He observed now the rise of a young Negro trumpeter in New

Orleans who was soon to shatter the position of Jelly Bell as the high priest of jazz. They continued as floating rivals until Jelly Bell's death, each with valiant support in the who was superior.

Today Morton's rival is still around and his position is secure as the present "King of Jazz." His name is Louis Armstrong. The experts still argue whether he would have reached that throne and his present unrivaled reputation had not death removed Jelly Bell from the contest.

Jelly Bell was rich as he toured the United States for more than ten years with different bands of his own, casting in on the greater regulars and jazz that was gaining momentum everywhere.

He maintained a beautiful night club singer named Anna Gossage. As addition he ran a dozen hell in Los Angeles, a gambling hell in Las Vegas, and cabarets in San Francisco and half a dozen Texas

towns. He developed a latent passion for diamonds, even using them as buttons on his underpants.

Morton revealed that Jelly Bell possessed a fantastic streak of jealousy. All his life he had loved such women. From his youth in New Orleans, women had done themselves at the talented musician. Yet, as soon as he married, Jelly Bell became crazy with jealousy over his wife. He harassed jewellery and presents on her, yet if he caught her man speaking of the weather, with another man he went into frenzied tantrums or went off on work-long liquor benders.

In 1932, after a number of years in California, Jelly Bell decided to return to Chicago, where jazz was keeping more than anywhere. He left Anna in Los Angeles to settle up some of his business affairs. As he left he walked, "Baby I don't think I can live away from you. I'd want to die first."

He promised to send for her within a few weeks. He never did. Anna heard of another woman. She investigated and verified the truth of the story. Then she followed the jazz king, Jelly Bell, who thought he would die when he left her, made no attempt to see her and they never met again.

When he left his wife to return to Chicago, Jelly Bell stopped off on the way for some recreational gambling. He lost 20,000 dollars in a crap game in Denver. He went to Las Vegas and lost his own gambling joint. He telegraphed lawyers in various towns to sell his businesses. When he received the money he lost that, too.

As a final resort Jelly Bell sold his diamonds, even those on his underpants. When that money also disappeared across the green back tables he was broke. He acted his way cross country and finally

reached Chicago as he intended—just one year late and miles to boot.

He tried to open a new cabaret of his own but found that with the advent of Prohibition such businesses were the exclusive prerogative of the great criminal king. Jelly Bell Morton was successfully warned to stick to his keyboard or he would wind up in a block of cement. Jelly Bell took the advice. He returned to making his living by music.

During the next ten years Morton turned out original compositions with peerless-like ease and efficiency. He wrote and arranged about 100 pieces which became standard in the jazz repertory. The whole mass of his songs formed the basis of universal hot language rationed for every band and wimped by all arrangers.

But no one appreciated Jelly Bell's ability more than he did himself. Of all his mother's children, of course he said, he loved Jelly Bell the best. Once he took one of his compositions to the publisher, played it over for him and then said, "How do you like that?"

"That's good, Jelly," the printer replied.

The King of Jazz smiled in disgust. "Good, hell," he retorted, "that's perfect."

When introduced to him, a famous entrepreneur said, "Oh you, Jelly Bell. They tell me you're the best piano player in town."

"The best in town" Morton repeated seriously. "I'm the best in the world."

Just except the country in the next few years and Jelly Bell Morton was carried along to new affluence. He formed another band of his own, the most famous jazz combination of all time, the Red Hot



"We're going to settle a matter out of court!"



Poppers, and cleaned up with triumphant nationwide tours.

His income rocketed until he was raking 1000 dollars a night from his hotel shows. On the side, smash hits such as "Black Bottom Stomp", "Swingin' Blues", "Tutie-Tutu" and "Shoo-Be-Doo" were pouring from his fantastically creative mind and cascading royalty dollars into his pockets.

He bought more diamonds, he gambled and he gave money away to down-and-out musicians and friends and relatives in New Orleans with the generosity of a dying millionaire.

In 1922, Jolly Roll married another coloured singer and entertainer. Again his psychopathically weak or violently asserted shell he made them both miserable as he opened her letters, listened to her phone calls, followed her on the streets and paid wages of men to tell her he trying to interfere with her.

When the depression arrived with the 1929s, Jolly Roll Martin began to decline. John became forever and he had to break up the Red Hot Poppers. He worked intermittently at a solo piano, but talented younger players were constantly appearing to give him stiff competition.

He moved to Washington, where his singing element was not as strong, and sank all the cash he could save in a night club. It ran for several years, bottoming hard with bankruptcy. It gave up the struggle completely in 1937, when the proprietor tried to eject a drunk and received two stab wounds in the chest.

Jolly Roll recovered but was a sick man thereafter. He was granted a needed boost in 1949 when

he recorded his works for the Library of Congress. When the job was finished, he dashed off to New York, oblivious about the chances of a comeback.

But the ageing pianist could not survive the physical battles necessary to haul himself to the top and was soon playing for a pittance. The knowledge that others were cleaning up by passing his old tunes drove him half crazy with rage. He began to experiment with voodoo to "ban" them, for their treatment of him.

In 1958 he heard from the voodoo witch, his godmother, who had brought him up in New Orleans. She had moved to Los Angeles.

Jolly Roll, through all his vicissitudes, had managed to retain two momentous possessions—Cedilles and a Lincoln. He packed his possessions in them and cleaned them together as that was could love the other.

Leaving his wife with promises that he would make good again in the west and send for her, he drove his two pianos clear across the continent to Los Angeles.

He moved into the squelid tenement where his godmother lived and the two plunged into voodoo experiments. Jolly Roll lived on the proceeds from the sale of his new and augmented royalty cheques from his old compositions.

The godmother died, but he continued the voodoo rites. On July 16, 1961, he succumbed to a heart attack himself.

Before he was buried, one of the 300 visitors who turned up for the funeral looked in the coffin, and saw a gaping hole in the front teeth that had once held a diamond.

Jolly Roll had paid it a few days before his death to help a man who wanted money to visit his dying mother.

She sells sea shells

SOPHISTICATION

Steve Clemons first exploited Mark Twain, sophisticated women have had more resources. Today, sophistication is even more the trend and this article, beauty shows why sophistication counts ad infinitum.

Pointers for better health

BRONCHITIS

The chemical 4-nitro-phenylamine, which is used in treating leukemia, may also check bronchitis, according to Drs. Alfred Goldfarb, Edith Peterson and Margaret Murray of Colorado University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. They found that 4-nitro-phenylamine reduced the cerebrospinal fluid within five minutes and a peak level in half an hour. It was still present 24 hours later.

ALLERGIES

What causes allergies? Dust, pollen and bacteria are no answer; the cause seems deeper. With the help of radio-active iodine radionuclides and the priger count, efforts are being made to find out what goes on in the body of the allergic victim when he swallows or touches the substances to which he is sensitive. In this way it is hoped to locate the tissue where the allergic reaction takes place. By using the tagged protein, the department of pathology at the University of Pittsburg Medical School has found that in the guinea pig the reaction takes place largely in the lung. Now research is under way to discover what happens in man under similar conditions.

CANCER

Probably no disease causes as

much research as cancer and the latest development has been suggested by Drs. George O. Guy, William F. Scherer and Jerome T. Syvertson of U.S.A. They have found that pale viruses destroy cancer cells in which they are cultivated. All three types of polio virus grow in a malignant strain of cells. The multiplication of the viruses could be stopped at will. The discovery will be of more help to investigators of poliomyelitis than to cancer specialists.

DIABETES

Whales may provide insulin for diabetics. Several top British scientists are investigating the possibility of extracting insulin from the pancreas of whales. A shortage of insulin exists all over the world because it can be obtained only from the small pancreas of sheep, cattle, horses and minks. The most shortage of a few years ago cut into insulin production. If this new source can be developed there will be unlimited quantities of the life-saving drug for diabetics. The scientists are spending the winter on fishing boats in the North Sea so that they can make on-the-spot investigations. The pancreas gland frays immediately after the whale is killed.

Stylized by Noel Trickey





Grace abounds in this classical, elegant pose. The grace could as well exist over model as the costly, lustrous pearls. For this beauty she would be the queen.



There is perfection and character in every line of this face—the perfect moulding of the shoulders and the purity of the grain in her skin. The girl with all these features adds up to sophistication.

new HOPE from BRAIN change

SPENCER LEEMING



Lobotomy, a brain operation, has personalities of mental patients.

WHEN, on November 12, 1936, a

Portuguese brain surgeon named Egas Moniz performed an entirely new operation on a woman of 48 who was suffering from chronic melancholia, he started something the ultimate outcome of which cannot be calculated.

This operation, known as prefrontal lobotomy, was successful.

What Dr. Moniz actually did was to bore a hole in each temple, insert a blunt knife like a paper-knife in each hole, and then pull it up and down to separte the brain tissue, which resembles jelly. Thus the nerve fibers were cut, and the front part of the

brain was very successful in changing criminals and accident victims.

The patient not only survived the operation, she made such a rapid recovery from her melancholia and persecution complex that she was able to leave the Lisbon mental hospital and resume her place in society.

Dr. Moniz performed similar operations on twenty other mental cases, all of which were regarded as hopelessly insane.

There were no fatalities. Seven recovered sufficiently to be able to leave the mental hospital, seven were greatly improved by the operation, and the remaining six were unimproved. On these patients drastic changes in personal-

ity took place after the operation had been performed.

News of this advance in brain surgery soon spread over the medical world. U.S.A. learned the new technique, and in 1937 they began to lobotomize some otherwise hopeless mental patients with much the same results as those obtained by Moniz in Portugal.

Since then thousands of lobotomy operations have taken place in the U.S.A.

Brain surgeons and psychiatrists of Britain became interested in lobotomy, and during World War II, when I was the administrative chief of London's mental health services, I became personally concerned with arrangements for the first lobotomy operation at a London mental hospital.

One morning the medical superintendent of one of London's largest mental hospitals asked me if I would look into the legal aspects of lobotomy because he was anxious that this operation should be performed on a certain female patient whom we will call Jane.

Jane was about twenty, came from a good family, was tall, and had been good-looking. But long before the period of adolescence was over she became possessed of a horrible mania.

Sometimes Jane required four or five nurses to hold her down.

The medical superintendent proposed a lobotomy operation. Following legal advice, written permission from her parents was obtained, and the operation took place.

I went to see her two days later. She was lying quietly in the hospital ward, her head swathed in bandages, but with a radiant expression on her once beautiful face. What a metamorphosis!

About six weeks later I visited that particular hospital for an-

other purpose. The medical superintendent took me into a large female dayroom. At the further end of the room was a piano, and on the piano stood out a patient playing popular tunes of the day.

"That's Jane," the doctor said. The patient grinned. Obviously she was unrecognizable, but the piano had disappeared. Her personality had been changed, and she was a brain box again.

What actually happens when the pre-frontal lobes of the brain are severed? To answer that question, one must first recall a basic physiology.

A man's brain, consisting of more than 100,000,000 separate living cells, is larger in proportion to his size than that of any other living creature. Particular development appears to be in that section of the forebrain known as the frontal lobes. These are the mystery area of the human brain, and are believed to be the seat of human personality and emotion.

Thus, the operation known as lobotomy, involving the severing of the frontal lobes, can and frequently does effect a transformation in personality, emotion, and character.

Following Jane's case, we conducted many more lobotomy operations on extremely unresponsive mental patients, with varying degrees of success. It is significant that the latest available figures in regard to results of lobotomy operations in London mental hospitals show practically the same proportion of success or failure as did the pioneer, Dr. Egas Moniz, with his twenty cases.

The somewhat crude technique adopted by Dr. Egas Moniz in 1936 has been improved upon by brain surgeons performing lobotomy operations. A first-class brain

surgeon can now do a leucotomy in twenty minutes with a local anaesthetic. One American doctor claims that he can do a leucotomy in one minute! He inserts a thin spike under the skull, and knocks it into the brain with a mallet. A gentle sideways motion with the spike and the job is done.

The word 'cure', which is apt. to be mentioned in connection with leucotomy operations, is misleading. Anti-social qualities, obsessions, hallucinations, violence, instability, and innumerable other disabilities may disappear when a person has been leucotomised. But in their place, quite possibly, will appear complete apathy and呆滞-like tractability, a degree of childlike innocence, lack of tact, and other rather negative qualities.

Already leucotomy has been performed on some criminals whose personality had been adversely affected by an injury to the brain when children. The results of these operations have been encouraging.

Continued in the archives of medical history is the classical case of a man in the United States of America who, about 200 years ago, had a crowbar accidentally pass through his head from temple to temple. And yet he still lived! When the crowbar was withdrawn, contrary to all expectations, death did not supervene. The man actually recovered.

But the most amazing feature of this remarkable case was that the man was no longer rather irritable, as he had been, but became a most agreeable and even-tempered fellow.

That operator must have been sensitised to those 11,000,000,000 or so living cells which make all the difference between good and bad temper.

Since then there have been many other extreme and remarkable cases of severe head injuries, particularly in war-time, and frequently when the injuries have been in front of the head there has been a change in the character of the patient. For instance, when persons have had operations on tumours in front of their brains, they have often emerged as people of more cheerful and cheerful disposition than they were before the operation.

In all these cases it was the front of the brain box, where the frontal lobes are situated, that was disturbed.

Dr Moniz, first to perform leucotomy, subsequently became a Professor, and in 1949 he received a nobly deserved award of the Nobel Prize for Medicine.

There is one doubt about leucotomy and that was expressed by Dr. W. Grey Walter, one of the world's leading research workers on the human brain and on mental function and disease. He had this to say: "Scientists are wondering whether perhaps they might not have created a sort of Frankenstein's monster. They have relieved the symptoms of insanity. Have they cured the insanity? Or will it sometimes be hereditary, and be passed on to their children, thus spreading the disease?"

When it is considered, it would be a terrible thing to have all people on a set mental pattern, all easy-going and easily persuaded. However, leucotomy will be confined to hospital mental cases, certain criminals and sufferers of brain injuries.

Subject to certain conditions, the leucotomy operation can now be performed on patients in mental hospitals in Australia.

Other new techniques are shown-

in new light on the dark secrets of the brain.

Electro-encephalography, or electrical brain writing, literally produces brain waves which are recorded on a chart. Some of these recorded waves—as in sleep with babies, or when people are unconscious—are slow others have been faster, more regular, or more erratic brain waves.

This discovery, made by Hans Berger, of Jena, Germany, in 1929, has enabled medical experts almost to read a man's thoughts, and to know what he is likely to do.

As with leucotomy, the possibilities of electro-encephalography are beyond conjecture. Like dowsing, the recording and filing of brain waves might be used to provide evidence of character, disposition, and attitude to life and its problems.

Electro-convulsive therapy and cyatheteresis are two other techniques which have learned large on the mental health section.

ECT, as it is called for short, is now generally practised in mental hospitals throughout the

world. A large voltage of electricity is passed through the brain, in regular doses. This treatment has worked wonders on many thousands of cases.

Cyatheteresis means "water-drug", and is a product of the machine age. It has always been assumed that only living creatures have independent, complex, unpredictable behaviour. Some modern machines have shown this to be untrue. For instance, a machine can calculate the disease in a giant elephant better than the human brain can.

The purpose of cyatheteresis is to ascertain from machines how we humans can manage our problems better. In other words, the robot has come to teach us.

Nobody alive can foresee what all these devices relating to the brain and the mind will bring about eventually.

But one thing is certain. Like the atom and H-bombs, they will have to be severely handled, or they will become Frankenstein's equally as disastrous as any of the products of the atomic age.



These two ladies play and boxercise tonight. And when the fire of their thrillers had died, two shells remained.

These FIGHTS set the Pace

RAY MITCHELL



"Off hand, I'd say she married the wrong man . . ."



SYDNEY Sindling was packed to the rafters, newspaper cameras were set up, waiting for the start of a contest which everyone felt would be an rip in the spotlight, under the 48 lights which flood Sydney Sindling ring, two boxes were receiving instructions from the referee. The boxers were white boxing gloves, it being thought that white would show out better

on the screen than the usual dark brown.

Instructions given, the boxers returned to their corners for a moment, to do their dressing gowns, adjust their mouthguards and sound the bell. This was a fight for which they had waited for a long time; they knew there would be fireworks. And when the bell sounded, their not, not fire-

works, but an atom bomb. For all hell was let loose that night, April 4, 1922, when Bobby Delaney, lightweight champion of Australia, crooked gloves with his number one contender, Bobby Blay.

For generations Australia has wanted to know what would happen if an Australian boxer met an invincible body. They were answered by Blay and Delaney. There can be no final result—only a blast which leaves two broken.

When the first bell rang that night, the two Blaybys tore at one another like tigers let off a leash. Delaney's savage attack forced Blay backward, but he recovered and fought back. It seemed as though the two boxers were fighting for more than a title, to the spectators it was as though they were battling for life itself.

That first going had been a match in a barrel of gunpowder; it had been the drug pin to a hydrogen bomb. A war had started and it raged through the second, third and every round for fifteen rounds. If there were any differences between each other's methods of fighting, it was that each round was a little harder than the last.

As early as the second round it looked as though the fight would end in a knockout. Blay took two snubs, but weathered the storm. Delaney cast casting overboard in the third round and sailed in with all his artillery. Blay staggered until the fire abated, then he opened up with a counter attack that stunned the champion to hold on.

As round after round went by, the crowd wondered how two such could absorb so much punishment. They wondered, too, how much longer it could last. The ninth round came and went, then the tenth opened and it seemed as though Blay put everything he had

into a three-minute testosterized onslaught, in order to finish the contest. Somehow Delaney survived, although he was out on his feet. The audience was in suspense.

He stood his ground on the 11th, and the two boxers did not budge as such as they slugged each other throughout the whole three minutes. Blay was the first to wiff and Delaney gauged the methodology through the next three rounds, but he battled hard for every inch of ground and for every point. The difference started and the champion continued his onslaught, which the challenger, all in, fought back steadily.

The bell sounded and Delaney was crowned winner and presented with the Earl Basschamp belt, renascence of the title belt.

When two boxers engage in a stirring contest as of the quality of the Blay-Delaney fight, they automatically place themselves in the pantheon Hall of Fame—in the little niche marked "Unforgettable Epic." But that two boxers should duplicate and even triple their thriller is phenomenal. The two Blaybys did just that and their three efforts against each other places them in another department entitled "Unparalleled Performances."

And when the smoke and fire of their three battles had died, two shells remained. Neither fighter was as good again. Yet the promoters matched them a fourth time—and one shell cracked under the strain.

Their epic served for years as the yardstick by which all great fights are judged and compared, and it remained for Tommy Burns and O'Neill Bell to eclipse them with their sensational fight on March 8, 1927.

Blay and Delaney were great fighters, though neither could be judged the greatest of all time. In-

deed, neither could make the grade among the ten best lightweights developed in Australia. But their boxing style blended so perfectly both were so tough and game and both so determined that their bouts had to be thrillers.

The rise of Blay and Delaney ran along similar lines, but strangely, their paths did not cross until Delaney won the title.

Delaney was born on February 27, 1904, and began box career in 1927. He won the Australian lightweight title on July 24, 1931, from Norm Gilligan. Blay was born on March 2, 1901, and he had his first fight in March, 1922, as "Young Blay."

There was little physical difference between Blay and Delaney when they met and there was little difference in experience. Blay having engaged in 38 contests while Delaney had fought 31 bouts. But Delaney was lucky in getting his shot at the title before Blay, because Blay did not have a little shot until he fought Delaney, although, up till then, he had defeated twice the Australian champion in non-title title, two ex-champions and two future champions. Bobby Blay has gone down in Australian boxing history as one of our unlikeliest pupillists and one of the best who never won a title.

Blay began as a bantamweight in Melbourne, and, after a series of victories, became a featherweight. Leaving Melbourne, he went to Broken Hill, where he became an idol—an idol whom Broken Hill people still discuss with respect. It was in Broken Hill that he beat the then featherweight champion of Australia, Tommy Crook, and ex-champion, Coors Johnson. His best Crook again at Broken Hill and demolished a shot at the title, but Crook's body refused

PUTTING ON DOG
He was a cheeky Pekinese pup,

Who watched the trains all day,

He saw them go down and saw them go up—

And reckoned he earned his pay.

But he never received a penny, I fear,

So he reached the base of the doorway.

The men just laughed—

"You don't work here."

"I do," said the pup, "in

the Polar hours."

—AH-EM.

Blay made his Sydney debut against the Fingans, Young Oddie, at Leichhardt Stadium. Bobby won and created a duel of comment, some said he was the ranking of a champion, while others said his cross-arm defense was too clumsy to be effective against a really first class fighter.

There was another aspect of Blay which caused scheme comment. That was his method of training. He sparred 30 rounds each day in the grammar. Critics said he would burn himself out—and they were right, as Bobby was through at 32. But it was the fight with Delaney which had most to do with his short career.

Blay journeyed to New Zealand, where he was hailed as champion, just as he had been in Broken Hill and Melbourne. Upon return, he fought with success at Melbourne and Leichhardt, knocking out Jimmy Niles in a round at the latter stadium. He skinned Niles in four rounds at the Hill. Niles' star was the title from Delaney.

and became one of the toughest men ever to fight in this country.

Hay showed in Brisbane and again was held as unassimilated. He won three fights within a fortnight in Brisbane, and all inside the distance. Back in Broken Hill, he knocked out Harry Jones, who later became lightweight champion of Australia, and who also held the lightweight title of the period.

All these performances of Hay's in different cities were helping to build up to a title fight with the champion, Delaney, and, during 1931 he reportedly challenged Delaney. But the champion turned a deaf ear. Instead, Delaney went to New Zealand, and upon his return Hay issued him with a writ for £3000, for breach of contract. Nothing came of the writ, and for a while nothing came of plans to match the pair.

Finally, when interest was at fever heat and speculation as to the ultimate winner was ripe, contracts were signed. So they met in their initial bout at Sydney Stadium.

Six weeks later the two met again in what was to have been a title tilt. But Hay weighed in one pound overweight and the title, thus, was not at stake. This second match, like the first, was a war. The result was a draw.

From May 16, the date of their second contest, to July 11, the date of their third, both boxers spent their time letting their wounds and training less, both weighed over the weight limit and both had lost their title, but the spirit was still there and the third was spicier when the second had left off. The tide of fortune saw-sawed until the tenth round, then Hay spilled Delaney to the deck. Despite the champion rose to his feet, and, as Hay roared in, he climbed and held on desperately. Only a great

heart enabled Delaney to run out the 15 rounds. Hay won on points. Thus the series was even.

Delaney went out for a spell, while Hay was in action a month later, stopping Ted Cane. He then returned to New Zealand and held out. There the sun had set on the careers of both Hay and Delaney. Hay suffered double vision in a fight with Al Foyman, Empire lightweight champion, who later lost his title to Eddie Foyman. Foyman outpointed Hay. Foyman said no one of his double vision, but took a dip from boxing in the hope it would clear.

Upon resuming Robby blazed the hopes of rising welter, Jimmy Burke, then fought a draw with the visiting Englishman, Eddie Hartwick. Delaney, in the meantime, had lost his title to Jimmie Kaloo.

Then came August 14, 1932, and two worn-out warriors faced each other across the Sydney Stadium ring for the fourth bout. Hay and Delaney were to decide the issue—who was the better man? The question was never answered, after the rounds Delaney was listed on points, but hurt his hand and quit in the seventh.

Delaney went on fighting sporadically for a while, but Hay had only one more fight. That was against Ted Morgan, the popular Australian who was making his Australian debut in the fight. Hay saw two Techs in that fight—as if one weren't enough to face. The double vision, noticeable earlier, had not disappeared—it had been accentuated. Morgan was on points and Hay retired, aged 39—a shell of a once great fighter. There can be no doubt of a good thing. After their first fight Hay and Delaney should have stayed apart. If they had, they both would have lasted longer.

Mary had a little gem — one that didn't show, but everywhere that Mary went that gem told people her



DEADLY MARY

GUY SORENSEN

IN 1932, on a summer's day in New York, a young woman walked into Mrs. Stricker's employment agency. A clerk checked through the list of female vagrants and was able to accommodate her client. Not long after, Mary Mallon was on her way to Maine to fill the post of cook at the summer residence of Coleman Drayton, a New York lawyer.

After she had been on the job a fortnight, strange things began to happen in the lawyer's house. First, the daily help became suddenly ill. Before the week had passed, seven out of the nine in the house were confined to their

beds. All had contracted typhoid

Coleman Drayton well knew the severity of the disease, having experienced it before. It was a miserable summer vacation for the lawyer and loads of extra work for Mary Mallon. Between the two of them, they looked after the patients and kept the house in order. In appreciation for his cook's added labour, the lawyer pocketed an extra fifty dollars for her. But it is a rare thing that the money would never have left Drayton's half-bald head if he known that it was the cook who was responsible for the infected household.

It wasn't the first time that Mary Mallon had been in a house when typhoid had broken out. Two years previous to her engagement at Mine, she went to work for a family in New York. There was no Mine attached to the blushing Mary when one of the young men in the house went down with typhoid. The cause was suspected to have come from an army camp. Mary Mallon was still around New York the following year and she was in the employ of another family. That time it was the laundry who spent her Christmas in the Roosevelt Hospital.

Mary Mallon liked fresh surroundings. In 1898, she was at Long Island, serving up the meals to a large household. Her infectious germs spread rapidly and in no time four of the staff were indisposed with typhoid.

That same year there was an epidemic of typhoid in the town of Mine on Lake George. Well over 100 were victims. By 1900, the Health Department in New York had a massive file of over 200 typhoid cases including 439 deaths.

Mary Mallon could not possibly be held responsible for that tally of typhoid cases, but she was a generous contributor, and the latest list of victims handed into the Health Department in the summer of 1900 were definitely caused by her.

That summer, Mary was going through her culinary routine at a place called Oyster Bay. It was the same old story. Within a week, six people in the house were ill. Mary didn't want to see what happened to them, but packed up her gear and left the job. The sickness soon recovered and with the summer over the house became vacant again.

Then it was the owner of the house at Oyster Bay who had a present to them. No one was infected in eating fast foods but pigs. He was told by several well-known tenants that his house was unhealthy and the possible reason was bad drainage or a faulty water system. The landlord called in a sanitary engineer.

George Soper was the engineer. He gave the house-boat trade and all-round its surroundings a thorough checking and turned in a report to the owner that the house was in the clear as far as any infection was concerned.

Soper said, "I believe the typhoid outbreak in your house has been caused by a servant." Soper went on to explain that certain bacteria harbored in their bodies typhoid germs, but were immune to the disease themselves. These people were known as typhoid carriers.

But George Soper didn't stop there. He was impressed in his job, and, convinced he was on the right trail, he made it his business to see the best scientist in New York, he started with the wife of a banker, Mrs. Warren. You see, and her husband had given a party to Oyster Bay, Soper was told. The mention of the cook and her sudden departure around the sanitary engineer's interest. But all Mrs. Warren could tell him about the cook was her name and the agency which sent her.

Soper was set on the trail after he left Stricker's agency with a bracelet on his arm that Mary had taken. He finally caught up with her. She was employed at a cook in a large establishment on the western end of Park Avenue. Soper was stunned to hear that one of the staff was in hospital and another young woman was critically

ill in hospital from typhoid. The sanitary engineer was taken into the kitchen where he came face to face with Mary Mallon. He told her he believed she was a typhoid carrier, and that he would like her to have a hospital examination.

Mary's blue eyes glared and her face went a deathly shade. She screamed to Soper to leave her kitchen and demanded the order by grabbing a carving knife.

Soper left hurriedly but did not drop the case. He discovered that Mary had a boy friend. Soper found Mary's friend much easier to get on with and more so when a round of drinks came his way. The sanitary engineer had substituted the friendship as a means of getting Mary again. One night he went to the apartment in Third Avenue to see her. Mary hadn't arrived and Soper sat on a rapturous chair waiting for her. He was disgusted with the room, which was nothing more than a filthy, raffish den. Soper was alone—in conversation

anyway—for Mary's friend was stretched out on a sofa, drunk. The engineer forced himself everything he heard movements in the passage outside. When the door did open, Soper flashed a smile. But all he got from the female visitor was a cold stare and bags of dirty sheets. He knew it would be easy to stay and in an angry mood half-left, he left.

George Soper was still very annoyed when he left Third Avenue and left like coming back to the apartment and taking Mary to the hospital by force. Instead, he told his story to the Health Department and they decided on action. It was just as well, because Mary was about to change her job again.

Soper remained the health authorities of Mary's violent temper, her attack and abusive outbursts against him. Well armed with that information, the department's inspector, a Dr. Jacobson Baker was supplied with a bodyguard of three policemen.

Early one morning the party



"Oh look, Robert, I knocked this poor little one down!"

arrived at the house where Mary worked. Mary opened the door, but a look of fright crossed her face when she saw the representatives of the law, and she ran back into the house.

The surprise of the visitors suddenly turned and caught Mary Mallon completely off her guard and there were no difficulties in capturing her. Dr. Baker talked kindly to Mary and explained that all she wanted was specimens and that she could go.

Mary yelled and cursed and said she wouldn't go to any hospital. Then it was Dr. Baker's turn to get on a stern face. She gave the word to the policemen to take Mary and put her in the ambulance inside the vehicle. Mary kicked and fought and tried every means she knew to break out and get free.

But her struggles were in vain and her aggressive mood collapsed when the ambulance drove into the hospital grounds. Mary still looked angry enough to knock down the first person to touch her, but when the time came for her examination she submitted quietly.

The specimens proved that Mary Mallon's body was a storehouse of Bacillus Typhosus. There was only one thing to do and that was to keep her at the hospital in isolation. For a while, Mary Mallon's body was a locked, white-walled room, furnished simply with a bed and locker. Later, she was transferred to more comfortable surroundings in a small room on the grounds of Riverside Hospital on North Brother Island.

Mary Mallon had been at the Riverside Hospital for two years when a wide-awake lawyer named Francis O'Neill, realized that the holding of anyone against their

will was violating a Constitutional provision. In the lawyer's brief were the facts that Mary had not been represented legally and by being in isolation, she was more or less a prisoner.

O'Neill, representing Mary, had her rights heard in court when he said the city under went of hideous corpus doctors on the stand were that Mary Mallon was a menace and a definite danger to society. But the case fell flat. The judge refused the issue of Mary's freedom.

The only thing left for the Health Department to do was to release Mary. However, the department put a proposition to Mary that she take up another job other than cooking and cleaning to them every three months. Mary, full of glee, agreed. But she had no intention of carrying out her promise. She gave herself a fresh name and went back to the culinary trade.

But wherever Mary worked, there were outbreaks of typhoid. For another five years she left her officials in the lurch. At the Sloane Hospital for Women in New York, 28 were infected with typhoid. It was at that hospital that Mary got the name of "Typhoid Mary."

Once again, she was called in by the health authorities but strength enough the went quietly back to her residence at the Riverside Hospital. Mary Mallon was rechristened by them. For a while she was employed in the laboratory at the Riverside Hospital. In all, she spent 21 years on North Brother Island. She collapsed with a stroke on Christmas Day, 1932, but long enough to live for another six years. Mary Mallon's final day came on November 11, 1938. She was buried in a cemetery in The Bronx.

The fastest girl in town

SPARCY NILAND

You never saw anyone run like her. And would have made a fortune if it hadn't been for one thing.



BANNISTER broke the four-minute mile, the first in history, they say he wasn't A god damn it I'll tell ye.

Ten years ago me and Jameson Purvis were bish. It was on Doctor's orders. Our doc was a friend of the Police Commissioner. You, that's right, the city was too hot, and you won't wonder why when I tell you what a trade we'd been doing selling jockey's harness, dogging dogs, and mopping up stables. You just can't expect to be on a good thing all the time.

Well, all right. Here we are now to the open spaces, the job one

big paddock to us. There's trees and behind them more trees. We go into town and they're all the same. No houses, no trees, no nothing. They all sleep dead after Tunc, Gentlemen, Please. We had we're thousands of miles away from home, and it can make you pretty sad and sick of heart. But it's always been like that with me. Two miles outside the suburbs and I've been crying for mother. That was back-blocks enough for me.

Still, we had a good time while our colt lasted. Then we were down to it.

"I've had enough of that, Jemima," I said one day. "Do you realize there is some chance of getting out some sort of an extrinsic curia in with the metropolitan chapter?"

Jemima Fritter was the quietest bird in the world. If he had two words left worry for him a day whether the second one was necessary. But he was thinner and lighter in a dustbin, and he had a few signs think-over in his thoughts.

He reckoned he'd get out a load, and the answer was a lot worse than we expected. We got word of the balloon still afloat from a radio of ours, Chichester Fritter, in the States. According to Chichester the hot was done and we wouldn't have stepped two yards from Central before getting snuffed. He told us we would be well advised to partake of the wholesome country air for some time. We thought we'd better get into moth of some sort.

We took the pugnacious, hacking all our clamy dusts and caking ourselves for the part.

Were squatting down one day trying to get a blasted fire going with wet wood when Jemima gave us a call.

I stood beside him and do what he's doing—stare. We are straddling across a greasy paddock a mile after a bare. She's wearing a dead shirt and blue denim.

That bare脊椎 and double but the sunner does the same and finally catches it and shivers all night.

We look at one another, and then we look at the girl walking back towards the fence with the drooping body at her side.

"It's not natural."

"Huh?" I called.

She stopped still and we walked

over to her. She arched slightly. She had piercing black eyes and they glimmered behind the haze of her blown skirt for dust. I did all the measuring, but she wasn't interested in me or my instruments. She had those big velvety eyes on Jemima and they were all for spell-binding. She shuffled and looked uncomfortable. He was never much of a cat for the women.

Anyways, when she said that maybe we'd like to go and have a look at her place we stopped time like beside her quick.

She lived with her father in a hole weatherboard shack on the scrub. He was a slender, middle-aged bloke with teeth like old roots. You couldn't touch him anywhere about cleanliness. He and her name was Shandy. I didn't bother asking her how come. You could see she was all white with a dash of also. That might have been the reason, but I settled for it, anyways.

While she took the best apart in the kitchen the old boy told us a bit more about her. Always she could run, from the time her mother died, and before, and her mother died when she was seven. "How old is the now?"

"Just turned seventeen."

"And you brought her up?"

"Wasn't any trouble," he said. "None of it. Never had any trouble getting her to school even. And she'd run all the way there and back. Ten miles from here, you know."

"What, not every day?" I said.

He nodded, with some pride. "Never missed once. And she's very good in the house, too. Manages it like an expert."

"But this summer?" I said. "She doesn't run, she feels? She can tell it like I never seen anybody tell

it before. She's—she's released."

"The here, you mean?" The old bushworker gave a shrug and a grin. "Oh, it's common for her to go out and run a rabbit down for dinner."

Well, Shandy did so well with that fur-bearing quondong that you couldn't tell it from chicken except for the bone-joints. The meat was extra good, and she was pleased to know it. She killed Jemima with kindness. There wasn't much difference in the colour of their skins. He had a hand of both black cards and a copper face. He came from the same place as Peter Jackson. Some reckoned he was Peter's double.

Afterwards, wrapped up in our blankets under the gums we smoked and thought. It was then that the like started to rattle around in the old noggin. We could make dough. Jack up a scrubby. Have her boiling mutton, onions, carrots, turnips. Half her at the Human Basket. These things were hot news then. I turned to Jemima, talking that with earnestness.

"It's a scrubbyjack," he said. "But I reckon we ought to keep going."

"Ah, you've just got the beweenin'."

"Beweenin' her? What about?"

"That's right. She's making a pitch and you don't know how to handle it. You're not the chance to close up but you'd rather run cocktail and do it in."

"You not frightened of anybody," Jemima said. "Least of all a bit of dirt."

"Okay," I groaned. "Then it's settled."

But it wasn't. As usual I did the talking. I went down to the house in the morning and went in while Jemima stayed outside. I spun the words for Shandy and her old man.

I lived up an empire of robes and all the treasures of Arabia. I spoke of fame and fortune as though they were next door neighbours. The old biddy came in, but not Shandy. She wouldn't play ball. I didn't want time like some orange-blazed who can't tell when the customer really means no. I went out, pulling a bus trip, and dynamited Jemima.

"It's your baby now," I said. "See what you can do."

I knew he didn't want to talk to her, but he did. I waited outside. In five minutes he was back, and I didn't like the sour look on his face.

"What she say?" I asked.

He glowered as though it was all my fault. "Ah, she said she'd do anything for me."

Well, that was it. Me and Jemima cutted out the preliminaries. He didn't shun the job in any way, but he didn't have that old willingness about him. I knew why. He wasn't at ease. He sat, instead of propping up in his old bone chair and quizzed me he would have been himself.

We picked our town and set to work. We tooked a painter this way and we several posters and a few hundred dollars and had him thinking it was an honour to wait for the money. We got school kids to distribute them for free newsies. We got the showground businesses by promises to give a portion of the proceeds to charity for the benefit of the town. This amounted to a small sum to defray the cost of replacing a horse trough donated by the late Annie and George Biggs, though of course we didn't say that there. We arranged with commercial and business houses to donate the pieces as a shared advertising space. You'll be wondering where we got the sholter to make our

alives each pre-adolescent professional and The Democratic Society couldn't have been kinder.

The first show was real boozefest. The crowd poured in from all over the district. We had half a dozen Miles running substances—Scooter knock-offs and chocolate wheels—and girls serving up boozefest at Thompson's place. We had in the drag cycle races, bad ping-pong, rickety chairs and three or four others.

Then we brought on our star

singer—Shandy, the Human Rocket. She gave the best performances there 20 yards apart in the 100 yards race and practically left them standing. The 1000 critics who had a running start she beat by five yards over a hundred. Then we put her in with the fastest girls we could find.

Before we locked them off in the 400 around the ring, me and Janssen started a little discreet bookmaking, offering 20 to one on the girl. The odds were as good

that the posters queued up. In half an hour we had \$200 in bets. And we collected the lot.

At first we weren't sure—the horse would be in there, then the girl, then the horse—but over the last 100 yards she came like a flash.

The turnout was such a success that I was all for letting us time in putting on another one. We left off another town, and got the bell ringing again. This time we got the local paper to play the publicity about the wonder girl. There was plenty to go on from the previous meeting.

This time, though our line was to release a live horse and not Shandy and a muzzled greyhound after her, the crowd was immense, and we told everybody that the dog had as much chance of rolling over the bar as Shandy did. Again the customers turned up in droves, and again we set up a book. Well, to cut a short, that dog whined and barked all over the place compared with Shandy, she seemed to think with the horse's brain, she anticipated his every turn and turn, and then she had him. She caught him, tied him, and then let him go. The crowd went wild with cheering and clapping.

Out of that show we bought a cheap little lottery that banged a lot but got you there. I had no intention of throwing away the money-spender sit-up, and Janssen reluctantly had to agree with me. It was all settled for a third carnival, and we were on our way to the town—Janssen and Shandy and me—when it happened.

Shandy, who was sitting in the back suddenly leaned forward and put her arms around Janssen, who was eating bread and, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Ah, cut it out!" he said roughly. She fell back, silent and in the

silence he angrily went on. "You had this I'm finished. You two can go on with it but I'm definitely out."

"Ah, you know you don't mean that, Janssen."

"Don't it?" Janssen said. "Stop the car. Stop me here. I'll go my way."

When I didn't look like believing him, he frantically switched off the ignition and regarded at the wheel. The truck came from no where. The car swerved and that was it. Me and Shandy were okay, but Janssen was badly hurt.

Well, she took one look at him and off she went on the side to town. I looked at my watch. Instinct, reflex action? I don't know. It was three and a half minutes to six. Well, you know she was in that town at six o'clock. Those who saw her running down the main street remember that Town Hall clock strikes the hour.

A doctor came hotfoot. He said Janssen was lucky. Another five minutes and he would have been a goner. He would have bled to death. They got him to hospital and soon he was right again.

But Shandy, she didn't run away more. That experience didn't distract her. She broke a bone in her left foot. Her pace was now

of course, we know why she

drove it, Janssen maybe more than me, and that's why he said: "If a woman thinks that much of a man he'll be a fool to walk out."

"Not that you mind much staying now, anyway," I told him with a wink, letting him know I was a

He had his arm around her when I left them and walked on down the road alone. Nobody would think of running a record race for me. That's what you get for being — well, I don't know. You tell me



"What book stinks? What payroll stiff? You're making me show my ignorance of current events!"



No. 13

CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH PLAN FOR ECONOMY

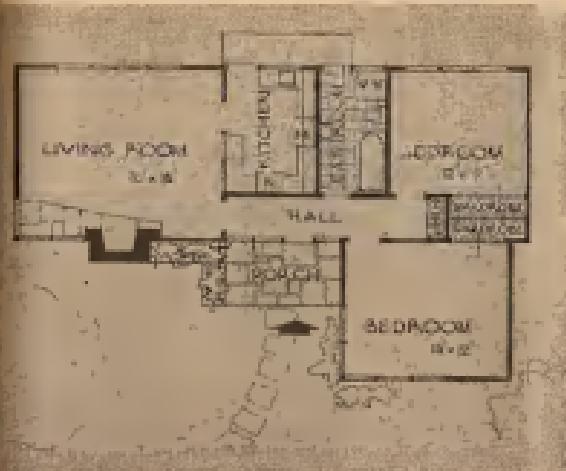
With the high cost of building accentuating the demand for minimum houses, many interesting solutions of this special problem have been developed over the last few days.

CAVALCADE suggests a plan for a small, two bedroom house in timber, which is only 9 squares in area. The long living room serves the dual purpose of lounge and dining room, and is served direct by a well-appointed small kitchen. The two bedrooms each have built-in wardrobes and

there is a linen cupboard adjoining. A washing machine is placed in the bathroom, thus eliminating the need for a laundry and complying with the requirements of most building authorities.

The sketch suggests a modern treatment for this small home, but the plan is equally suitable for a more orthodox design, if this is desired.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this nine square house is 55 feet or 48 feet, according to the way it is placed on the site.



Stranger and

STRANGER



FAKED FOSSIL.

In 1932 the Geological and Mining Museum, in Sydney, Australia, was presented with an ancient wing in limestone. It was accepted as a fossil of the tertiary period. Later the fossil was exposed as a fake. It appears that it is a wing from the common great grass tree cockatoo, *Tropicurus horridus*. The crystal of limestone had been opened with a knife, the wing inserted and the edge of the crystal powdered to conceal the crack.

DIAMOND DIGGERS.

Some diamonds were discovered in South Africa in 1877, the government has opened several patented diamond fields and has made the prospectors, in order to stake out claims, race to the areas from a given point at a given signal. Perhaps the greatest of these races took place at Lichtenburg on March 4, 1877, when 25,000 diggers, watched by 100,000 spectators, ran three miles to the new Grootfontein field.

SKYSCRAPER.

A skyscraper 450 feet tall has been built in Pittsburgh, U.S.A. by the Alcoa Aluminum Company of America. Except for its basic

framework, it is nearly all aluminum. It is the lightest building of its size in the world. The party floors of offices are warmed and cooled by aluminum panels in the windows. The lights get their energy from aluminum wires and water flows through aluminum pipes.

SURPLUS ORGANS.

More possessed no less than 200 unusual organs which, although probably not of vital importance, are now of no use to him. Among these useless organs are the vermiform appendix, the eel-shaped rectum, a certain fold in the eye, the Darwinian tubercle of the nose and the end of the base of the spine.

STAR OF THE NORTH.

Four artists have been honored during their lifetime as was Norway's celebrated weaver, Frida Hansen (1823-1887). After her tapestries had won awards at nine international exhibitions and had become museum pieces, the Norwegian government, fearing all her work may be purchased abroad, passed a law forbidding the export of any more of it.

THE CULT OF THE TALKING CROSS

CARL NORRIS



A strange cult in Mexico worships a large wooden cross which has the eerie ability to talk!

Each anxious step that I took carried me deeper into the bowels of the mountain, and deeper into the past. It was a scorching August, 1861, when I entered the cave. A half hour later, shivering and sweating through the thick underground passageways, I could have been in prehistoric Mexico.

Two dark-skinned Indian boys carried coco torches ahead of me. Behind me walked Manuel Gómez, the man who was taking me to see the strange cross that talked. In the first rocky chamber we entered, he showed me steps cut on the floor centuries ago by his pagan ances-

tors. He also showed me primitive carvings on the walls, ancient symbols of what I had first supposed was a dead religion.

But the spine-tingling tales he told me about life in the last corners of isolated jungles and mountain passes beyond a doubt that the old gods were still very much alive—and these worshippers still very active.

The old man who attended the talking cross, Manuel said, was a shaman, a witch doctor who, like the others of his black brotherhood, had inherited the secrets of his ancestors. These men were

respected and feared by the people of their villages.

The cave itself was no ordinary one. Long before Cortez and his horde of conquerors ever descended of the wealth hoarded in the halls of Montezuma, primitive men from all over the land to the Cesar del Rey, Cave of the King, as it is known. An underground god lived here and ruled the countryside from his sacred abode.

In one of the twilight chambers an enormous parroted owl glowered out over ceremonial fires, the light glistering in his eyes.

Long after the Conquest the cowboys discovered and enraged mambelines cast down the owl and destroyed every vestige of the primitive rules. They even set up a cross, deep in the cave, to drive out the evil spirits. In time, the cross, too, disappeared. Faded ruins were no longer held in the subterranean chambers. But the cave god lived on.

Indians came secretly for forbidden worship. Their voices echoing underground in the gibberish of traditional chants. Offering of corn and flowers were left, copal incense was burned. Chickens and birds were offered up as sacrifices to the lord of the cave. These rituals were continued into our own times.

Now, Mancil told me, a strange cross had suddenly appeared in the cave—a cross which, like some of the native themselves, was more pagan than Christian. It was attended by a shaman, descended of the earlier temple priests, and it spoke, just as did the old deity. Mancil reminded me that the cross was known to the Mexican Indians before the white man had brought it as the great symbol of his religion.

The narrow pathway skirted a

grotto cluster of glistening stalactites and the pale light cast their double light into a tremendous room whose vaulted ceiling disappeared in darkness. Everywhere I looked I saw the spider-like stalactites hanging like massive lances and, like great rewards impaled on the earth, the stalagmites reached up to meet them.

As we approached, I saw that the cross was dressed in human clothes! A dark colored robe was wrapped about the upright and draped gracefully over the arms. A man's straw hat was folded about the base of the cross.

Without a sound, an old man stepped from the shadows and came up to the fire with great dignity. The shaman! He wore a simple palmed up cloth over his mouth and nose. He stood waiting before the fire, the reflected flames dancing in his jet eyes.

The voice was enormous, deep-toned and without it was an inhuman voice, heavy, cold, oppressive.

It spoke the incomprehensible syllables of an Indian dialect that was all consonants with no vowels. It clacked, clattered, rasped and barked. I could not tell if it were the voice of a man or woman. My impression was not that it could have been either, but that very definitely it could have been neither male nor female.

At the first rolling sound of the voice, the shaman dropped quickly to his knees and bowed his head before the cross. Mancil, frozen motionless for an instant, stared openmouthed at the cross, then kneeled. The shadow of the stalagmites leaped upwards as the two boys knelt and laid their firebrands on the ground.

It was black and appeared to be extremely old. The keeping shrank

as flames of the fire and the red coals banished flicked my eyes into searing motion—a glow, fluid illumination, almost as if the cross breathed! The shadow squirmed on as well those behind it.

There were tiny candles at the base, wizled flowers, dying vines, ferns and Spanish moss. It was impossible to say what the wood was—only that it was scorched, gnarled, tan and blackened, as if by smoke.

Suddenly the voice stopped. An oppressive stillness flooded the cave. I heard faintly the heavy breathing of the shaman and the patter of the flames.

I could understand nothing that the cross said, but the Indians were dancing abundantly, apparently doing it all in. When it stopped suddenly, the shaman began speaking, his voice low and muffled. His human voice was a shattering contrast to that of the cross. He sounded dead, weak and thin-naiced.

When the cross interrupted him to speak again, I was astir at the difference in the two voices. The tones of the cross were inhuman, yet had none of the mechanical sound that electrical amplification would have given it.

Mancil remained for me to leave my office, I put it on the other of the outside. I followed Mancil and the two native boys through the tunnel and finally cut into the air out of the twentieth century. It was still darkening.

You need right, back at the Stockade Court, I insisted to man I had met earlier when I had been in the cave. He was extremely interested. Talking crosses were apparently not new to him, but he was surprised to learn that one was speaking so close to Oaxaca.

Mancil and the shaman were

taking it away very soon," I told him. "He said that was the only reason why I was allowed to see it."

"But, they don't stay in one place for long. Not even in such an ideal spot as that cave you describe. They are illegal, you know."

"Illegal?"

"Well, not that it really means much, but the shaman who tends one can be arrested if anyone finds the bothering about it! These talking crosses have caused plenty of trouble in their day."

He told me their strange history.

Temple, side—all heathen traps were destroyed during and after the Conquest in 1521. And though the Spanish fathers substituted the cross for the primitive gods, the old ways did not die out. The Spaniards were shocked when they heard reports of talking crosses, spoken in Indian accents and wrapped as the embodiments of ancient pagan gods.

They set out to find them, and to bring the Indians around to Christianity. But soaring mountain ranges and roving peoples were formidable barriers. Their task, even though they made remarkable progress, could never be completely realized.

One of the most influential of the talking crosses, and the one that virtually launched the basis of an almost organized cult, appeared to the natives of the Quintana Roo territory. These Indians, passed descendants of the old and glorious Mayan civilization, resisted foreign influence for generations.

In the middle of the last century a general wave of open hostility between Indians and whites flowed across Mexico, and the Mayas were leaders in the revolt against their foreign-blooded rulers. In the middle of this sprung, a cross

mysteriousness appeared on a makeshift tree in a little village called Chac Santa Cruz, a stronghold of the nationalists.

More startling than the unexplained appearance, however, was the fact that the cross spoke to the Indians in their own dialect, announcing that it was the Holy Trinity and saying that it had come to aid them in their fight for freedom.

By the hundreds, the sword-wielding flock to the magical tree and listened to the stirring words of the cross. It denounced the Spanish-blooded and all foreigners who had invaded Indian Mexico. It whipped the Mayans up to a frenzy.

The fame of the cross spread afar and its inspiration became so inflaming that within a short while the government sent out a large force with express orders to take Chac Santa Cruz and destroy the cross. Helpless before the overwhelming numbers that attacked them, the Mayans fled. When, much later, they returned to the devastated village, the cross was gone.

But three more talking crosses appeared, saying that they were the daughters of the original one.

Called La Señorita, The Most Holy, and shown publicly only on rare occasions, it has a double which takes its place in outdoor religious processions. Though it has not actually spoken for years, it is reported still to write letters, naming them with three little crosses.

Most of the talking crosses were finally discovered to be deliberate fakes. The original cross at Chac Santa Cruz was exposed as a political fraud, intended to inflame the rebellious Indians. The government troops who destroyed the cross learned that its voice was

an Indian ventriloquist hired by a native who was eager for the reward. The "voice" was killed, but his body escaped, staying undercover until the coast was clear, and then returning to set up the three daughter crosses.

The ventriloquist had been killed as numerous written notes that made such a hit were his only way of making a direct contact between the Indians and the crosses.

"Well, if they've all taken," I asked my informant, "what about the one I saw? There was no ventriloquist I could see! There were five of us there, and I know for a fact none of us spoke. I was wondering the others didn't."

The man shuddered his shoulders. "I and most of them were exposed as fakes."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I only mean that some were discovered as fakes. There are fake spiritualists in your own country. Are there also genuine ones with strange powers?" He rose from his chair and stared off toward the mountains. "You've been in Mexico long enough to know that strange things occur among the people of primitive regions here. I don't say your cross talked. It sounds—well—of course, it sounds impossible. So do aspects of voodoo and black magic."

"But you are the one who should tell me. You had a rare chance to see one of these talking crosses. What about it? Did it talk?"

I wanted, of course, to say "no." But I did not answer him. I still can't answer the question. Logic and common sense tell me one thing—but what I saw, and heard, and the experience I went through won't allow me to accept cold logic quite that easily.

IF you see him call a Cop

ARTS BRADSHAW

Don Sharkey was a mastermind who personally conducted his missing campaign in the field. That is why Hitler used him.

THIS MAN is a giant, six feet four inches tall, weight unknown. His hair is brown. A scar runs from ear to ear on the left side of his handsome strong-jawed face. His name is Otto Sharkey. He is a master of terror, and anyone knowing him, let whereabouts should report to Secret Service. Sharkey has been dubbed the most dangerous man in Europe, and this is why.

He was Hitler's prime secret agent. He was the leader of Nazi subversives, and peer among them. He was not a weasel behind a desk at a desk. Sharkey advertising propagandist in the field. To him fell the toughest problems. He relished them. Nothing seemed beyond his powers of manipulation. His violence, courage and general chicanery revealed the plowing of a mastermind and the physical prowess of a desperado. In fact, about his form and physique there is something of the sensational touch of Superman.

On July 26, 1943, Bertrand Masseau resigned with his cabinet and was placed under arrest. Marshal



WE BACKED HITLER

The jockey sat outside the house;
(It was the popular tip)
Then prior to moving round
the course
He asked for the riding whip.
The owner started where
he stood,
"You'd better start your
car!"
"The last jockey did no
good—
"And he threatened this
horse with a gun?"

Fausto Biagioli, who took his place, announced that the Fascist Party was dissolved. The one mistake made was in keeping Mussolini alive, for alive he was still of incalculable value to the Axis. Hitler wanted to get him back into operation.

But how was it to be done? Mussolini was in no condition and He was held prisoner on a mountain peak watched over by four hundred Italian guards who policed his every move. Hitler did not know how to release his ill-fated colt. But he gave the order that he was to be freed. The rest was up to the men chosen to carry it out. Skorzeny got the job.

It looked a hopeless task but with fifty men, which he personally handpicked, a glider and an aeroplane, the courageous, daring Austrian spectacularly accomplished the mission—actually kidnapping the Duke from the reign of his captors in what turned to be an impregnable fortress. In September of the same year Mussolini presided over the establishment of a Republican Fascist Party, allied with

the Germans array of occupation and set up his new Government in Northern Italy. Although the warlike Italian people were split in factions, the Party attained considerable power and authority in certain regions of the country, and the consequent move definitely helped in peaking the German resistance.

Mussolini gave Skorzeny an engraved wristwatch which Hitler gave him the Knight's Cross.

In 1944, German Intelligence learned that Admiral Miklos Horthy, regent of Hungary, intended to transfer his allegiance from the revolution to the red star of Stalin. Skorzeny sailed the regent's castle wall to capture him but Horthy had arranged Hungary's surrender and killed. Skorzeny began to travel ruthlessly to ramass every hideout. He finally located Horthy and rushed his captive to Moscow in the face of the oncoming Russians.

Skorzeny took the strain of Yugoslavia, like those of a puppet in his ingenious hands and did much towards preventing Milivojevitch and Tito from joining forces against the Nazis.

The time came in 1944 when Hitler began to see fugitives, breaking glimpses of the writing on the wall. The emotional aspect could not help to believe that the war and wonderful military machine which had grown under his guidance was breaking down, that the world of the Third Reich was to become one with the dead and forgotten but once great civilizations of U and Cthulhu, Troy and Babylon. He remembered the pictures only a few years before, on September 1, 1939 the Horrible mechanized devils roared into Poland, the thundering hosts of aircraft that devoured the sky, the invincible armies



at 1,000 men, spelling the death of a country in ten days and the carrying up of the body in less than two weeks. Such power should not be sheltered.

Hiller planned a tremendous and desperate strategem. His forces led by the armored divisions, would smash the American front in the Ardennes, which was amazingly weak, and then speed northward to cut off nearly half the British, Canadian and American troops in Europe, commander their colossal supplies and their best port, Antwerp. Thus, in the Ardennes road of the Fuhrer, would hold down the US and Britain long enough for the Germans to be able to proceed, quickly enough, to Berlin, oil fields and submarine to turn the tables and win the war.

"There is only one obstacle," Hitler told Skorzeny. "We get control of the bridges over the Meuse, so that our Panzers can cross. I rely on you to clear away that obstacle."

Skorzeny picked 300 men who could speak English and banded them in a special unit. He clothed them in the uniforms of American dead and prisoners of war. He coached them in American mannerisms and customs, even to the way a GI opened a packet of cigarettes. He instructed them in American slang and jargon, drilled them in a knowledge of American military equipment and weapons—in short converted them into almost foolproof dupliciters of American soldiers and officers.

Then he sent them infiltrating into the American lines, carrying their poisonous gospel of demoralization, their powers of spying and sabotage. This was known as Operation Greif and the men were known as Goliaths.

The wild, snow-ripped Ardennes echoed with the thunder of American German divisions, reinforced by twelve more, smashing their way through the thin defenses. Skorzeny's Goliaths had captured American jeep, slow like a plague among the Americans. They conducted sabotage, supply drops, and routes used by American reinforcements, passing the knowledge on to the German artillery. The Goliaths cut telephone wires, blocked roads with trees, changed road signs, removed mine danger warnings—creating total confusion and disorientation.

There was no resistance among Germans and German troops. They had their code of signals—the raised helmet, the blank of colored flaklights.

The American forces were like a madman's legion. They did not suspect the truth. Even when the first three Goliaths, disguised as GIs, were taken into custody for not knowing the password, and captured, some US officers dismissed the plot as fanatic.

But when intelligence officers found a German radio and code book, and Allied technicians intercepted "Greif" radio reports viciously describing the damage and threatening delusions among the Americans, they had to believe it. And then the spy-hunt was on. Every soldier, every jeep, was checked. Questionnaire and written tests were applied. It was like loosing a forest in a summer. The robots booted and blundered into the waiting nets. In some instances the parting theory caused to drive away; in others they ran red road blocks. But day by day the prisoners increased.

One revealed that the 10th Panzer Brigade, under Skorzeny, was operating disguised American tanks

in a protective retreat until it was in position to sweep the Meuse bridges. Skorzeny's Americans had wiped out half an American armored battalion which couldn't understand why its own tanks were up on it. Bit by bit, plots, codes and routes were revealed.

Another process held of a plan which Skorzeny and his party, as in and representing various officers, were to appear.

Alfred Supreme Headquarters Vehicles with a batch of German prisoners whom they would like to have captured. After Skorzeny's ultimatum on the general, it was merely a matter of waiting for the opportune time when the giddy Yanks would spot the staff and Skorzeny himself would kill General Eisenhower. Whether or not this story was true, it had the immediate effect of instigating an elaborate system of protective security, and Eisenhower, against his will, was placed in his own house for a fortnight.

One hundred and thirty Goliaths led by the US military tribunal first found guilty and condemned for violating the laws of war by bearing an enemy uniform for the purpose of subversive and espionage, and were executed by a firing squad at Hins Chappelle. Believers in Luxembourg broadcast details and gave a description of others wanted, including, perhaps, Skorzeny.

But Skorzeny wasn't finished, for though Operation Greif was in Chief of Operations of the New Intelligence Service he threw all his labor, dictatorial resources into swing up and making more costly to Allied advance into Germany. In his instructions he agents placed explosives everywhere for the invading Germans—

explosives as cleverly camouflaged that every commanding object, even the stones and gravel on the roads, were suspect booby traps.

When Eisenhower, Germany and other big Nazis committed suicide, it was Skorzeny who prepared the poison capsules and convinced to sacrifice them to those men.

Adolf Hitler, a Hamburg radio announcement and on May 1, 1945, had died and the shot and shell of Berlin, had died and the ruins of that burning city, still at his post defending the Reichskanzlerly.

There are some who contend that Skorzeny expected that assassination; that Hitler did not die but was impaled away by his brilliant parapet and that because of his little palter who passed the world red is somewhere alive today.

Sixteen days later, at American headquarters near Baden-Baden, Skorzeny surrendered. He served 18 months military, was tried at Dachau, some charges against him being withdrawn, and the tribunal, after two and a half hours' deliberation, strangely enough, freed him.

However, since he was an SS officer, he had yet to be tried in a German denazification court. While in prison, fan letters and others of old reached him from America, and whether or not his liberation was arranged, the fact is that on July 13, 1948, his cell was bare and from that day to this Otto Skorzeny has been in hiding.

He could be in Europe. He could be in America. He could even be in Australia. There are men waiting for the unmistakable hand of Otto Skorzeny, the platoon-leader of the Third Reich, to show itself again.



COLEMAN NATEV

TIME TO KILL

There's a sucker born every minute—see for each when guy who died

BARRISH whistled contentedly as he maneuvered the convertible through the congestion of lower city traffic. He came to a halt at a red light, surveyed the walkers at the crossing with condescending good humour.

Suckers, he thought. Suckers, every one of them. Just think that people every day to keep smart eyes up in the shops.

Before the next light, he sat sharply to the curb, ignored the spray of brakes behind and passed the convertible in a red zone that held a fire hydrant. He got out, turned and looked at his watch. The hands were straight up and he had a long time to kill. He walked idly to the red-fronted

store on the corner.

The smoke shop was dimly illuminated. The man in the counter had his back to Barrish's approach. He said, "Hello, Benny."

"Hell of weathers," Barrish said.

The man reached beneath the counter, produced a tightly-wrapped coin roll the size of a nickel. He accepted the quarter Barrish handed, retained his clutched position. Barrish broke the roll open by cracking it on the counter, carefully teased the smooth, weighted coin blanks in his coat pocket. "Any sleepers?" he asked.

The man silently reached below the counter again. "There's," he said without interest and tanned a pair of dice on the surface.

Barrish pocketed the dice, turned and walked out. At the corner he paused, tilted a newspaper from a news rack and said, **DRIFT COUNTRY HERE**. His hand reached in his coat pocket, inserted metal in the slot. It dropped with a proper sounding clink. He studied the folded paper in his pocket, walked idly up the street.

The restaurant was well patronized for the hour.

The eye-shaded man at the counter was making pencil marks on a large, square sheet, tallying a twenty-six game.

Barrish's hand came from his pocket. It was a long, supple hand and the man with the eye-shades could have been pardoned for not knowing the two dice were nestled between the middle and index finger. He picked up the leather box, said "I'll sheet a game." The eye-shaded man grunted around his cold smoked cigar. "Three," Barrish said.

He snuffed the cap close to his ear and then slung the dice on the felt board back. Several bounced over the small board around the box, went on the floor. The eye-shaded man, muttering around his cigar, retrieved them.

Barrish accepted the dice, capped his long fingers over the box and rolled again, hard. One cube bounced free of the board. Went over. The man stooped once more. Barrish's hand passed lightly and swiftly by his pocket, dropped two new dice in without sound.

At the tenth roll the eye-shaded man looked at Barrish coldly, made marks on the pad at the eleventh and twelfth roll. Then, as Barrish rolled the dice the third time, picked the leather box from his fingers, placed it on the counter before him. "That's all, brother. Now'll you have it?" Barrish said

or half off and such?" Barrish said cash and countered out, followed by the habitual glare.

In some three hours Barrish was going to kill Dolph Antonia. But he wasn't thinking of that now. He was thinking of what a sucker held ready of the guy with the eyeshades.

Suckers, Barrish thought. Nothing but suckers. Even Sid, and Sid was supposed to be a smart operator. Barrish cringed to think of as he thought of Sid Big Books, a smart operator. And yet Barrish had told him this was a half grand for a lousy fifty-dollar chill job. Those guys in the West were pushovers.

It was three o'clock when Barrish pulled up by the theatre. All of his palpable impatience of the past two hours vanished. His thoughts processes fell into a familiar pattern as he eyed the parking spaces his place called for. A small ledge was nearest these. He checked the parking meter, saw it had fifty minutes to run. He set the convertible on a cranking path around that block.

Forty minutes later he was in the spot, the last space up to the red-lacquered theatre marquee where no hansom-cab could park in front. He unlocked the glove compartment, withdrew a gun that he transferred to the waistband of his trousers with a swift motion.

He got out leisurely. His hand sought his coat pocket, withdrew a can and automatically inserted it in the parking meter even as his eyes were checking the street. His fingers twisted the handle over for full sixty minutes. Then he strolled idly to the corner.

The showhouse was T-shaped, entrance and marquee on the main street, width of balcony bisecting out on both sides but just

back from the street. The north end held a small confectionary, a tiny parking lot and, on the corner a small brick building with a sign that said FLOWIST.

Ed had frequented the shop for him three days before. "The store is a front. The business is done upstairs in the back. August runs a bar book-ies big. He leaves every day at four forty-five . . ."

Burnett looked across the street, gazed with admiration the spire of the pile driver that showed above the wall surrounding the construction where a new building was in progress. The pile driver whirred and sanged rhythmically. He liked the sound. It had a place in his programme.

He turned and slowly went back to the theatre. "Last seat" is said to the girl at the window. The door was the ticket returned half. Burnett walked through the private lobby, mounted the stairs. It was darkness time. The red carpeted hall was unlit. He removed his hat, left it on one of the overstuffed chairs in the waiting area. Then he continued to the right, went down the stairs and out the south wing. The heavy polished oak doors had handles on the inside only.

Burnett looked around. There was no one in sight. He produced a small wedge-shaped rubber foot step, stuck it firmly against the right hand door to hold it open just the enough to get fuses on it.

Quickly, Burnett turned right, looked casually around. He walked into the cool darkness of the parking space behind the small corner building.

At four forty-five, he moved deeper into the darkness of the semi-garage.

A man stood on the landing platform. Burnett's eyes were on

him but his eyes were turned to the whoosh of the pile driver. The pile driver whooshed. He squeezed the trigger.

Burnett clattered over the bumper of the car, inspected the crumpled form on the landing in cool appraisal. He pocketed the gun, walked the two steps down the landing. Suddenly, at the corner he gritted again, gritted his steps. Might as well give them something to point over.

He turned over, placed a coin in the tips hand, made it into a fist.

The plate-glass door showed no one in the theatre and his fingers prodded the door to him. He stalked leisurely up the hall. At the turn, a slight man in a wine-coloured uniform coat with gray sleeves raised an inquiring eyebrow. "Hello" and Burnett said, "Selton wear me. Almost walked off without it."

Burnett removed his hat, decided his way through the lobby to the front exit. He yanked open the door, shifted an exclamation and left it swinging back hastily.

A three-wheeled police motorcycle was parked in the red zone directly in front of his car, the leather-faced motorcycle policeman in regeneration with a man who was leaning on a rubber-tired cylindrical can.

He walked to the room marked MEN, lit a cigarette, stared at his watch. The minute hand gave up those moments. Then he lit the torch for the door, returned abruptly to the sand-filled area for capsules.

His fingers searched the sand, withdrew a wire basket that made stub removal easy for the clean-up man. He buried the gun deep in the sand, replaced the wire trap, smoothed sand over carefully. Then

he went to the front exit. There was two minutes remaining for his hour's parking to be up.

The motorcycle was gone. He walked pantily to his car.

Heavy hands clamped him solidly on both sides, stopped him with his foot on the running board. "Glow Me," a voice breathed in his ear. "This is the law!"

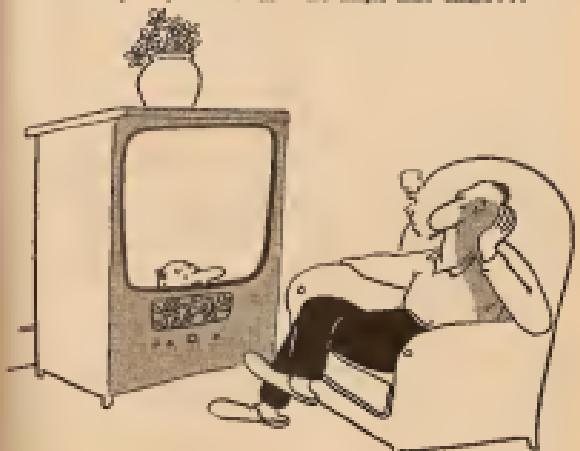
The parking meter collector issued his chores on the rubber-tired, cylindrical money repository. "How about it, Ed?" he asked the leather-faced motorcycle policeman. "Did they get the guy?"

"Yeah," the motorcycle man replied. "The inspectors were checked out around the place and put the ticket on him just as he was driving in his car."

The motorcycle policeman ex-

plained in the warmth of superior knowledge, "Motobots," he said. "Are all alike. They are so busy playing smart they forget the little things."

"The bot-shot was from the East and he had to set his time and leave the still with a cocked doublet up in his fist. Only he was in a hurry and it wasn't a cockpit — it was a big Atlanta girl name our back when she didn't beat the car start and she phoned the Hell. Homicide got right on the job and they were there when you called me over to tell me that you had a shaped parking meter. One still would have beat all right in other places. You had a guy for the gas chamber. You see what I mean. Tidy! They always forget the simple little things . . ."

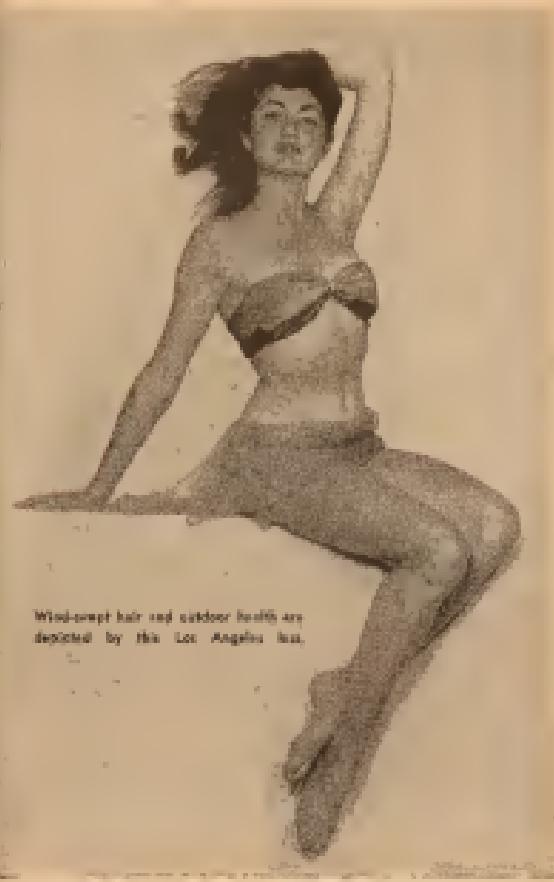


"Have you been feeling L-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-W lately? . . . If so . . . watch what happens when I take just ONE tablet of Dr. Blunt's Formula 404 . . .!"

Patterns of Pulchritude



Beauty bowed to a gentle wind
softened her mane's harshness



Wind-swept hair and outdoor health are
depicted by this Los Angeles girl.



Barbara Shirley Smith, shown here sitting at Southwicks.



You may not have an individual phobia, but you may share one that is common to thousands. And it affects your everyday life.

Fears, Follies and

Phobias

WALTER SPEARMAN

MARY J. went through life in an agony of avoiding certain situations. She could not fly; the aeroplane was too small, and, besides, all the windows and doors were broken. She could not sit in the middle of a theatre auditorium. There was a vague uncomfortable sense of suffocation. She could not enclose herself in a taxi. The door always had to be left ajar. Even then she would come out pale and shaken. Travelling in cars was an ordeal. Roads with these wrinkles that tortured her she would endure it for a few stops, then get off, sweating and shaking.

Mary J. was ashamed of her phobia. A brave and intelligent woman, she managed to control her fears so that few outside of her own family guessed the trouble. She came, at last, to the stage where she realised that she and the phobia could no longer live together.

She went to a psychiatrist. He told her that the seed of her phobia had been sown far back in her life and once he had discovered that long ago incident it would be impossible for her to rationalise her fears. Mary J. currently desires of being cured, ex-spirited to the best of her ability.

"When she was very small her mother would shut her in a dark cupboard to punish her. The small child would scream herself into



lysters, and would be subject to visiting officials for hours afterwards. Then, when she was alone, some playmates promised her to hide in a large, wooden box, and then nail the lid on her. They had gone away and left her there for twenty minutes. She had been terrified she would suffocate, and had been almost unconscious when they let her out again.

This strong memory occurred subconsciously again and again, whenever she got into a place that reminded her of the cupboard or the box. The roof seemed down, the air was smothered, she couldn't GET OUT.

Like a horse, she shied whenever she reached a remissive point of suspense.

Mary J. began to be cured as soon as she realized she was not going insane, as she had thought. The psychiatrist did not force her to go into discussed spaces all at once. He advised her to try herself out and to leave the room or the bus as soon as she felt the panic rising. She did soon she could spend longer and longer times in such places without feeling terrified. Then one day she discovered that she had been right through a theatre programme without remembering that she was claustrophobic. After that it was only a matter of time.

Geoffrey K., on the other hand, was frightened of the dark. Geoffrey could not even define when it was that frightened him. It was just that the darkness itself was overwhelmingly frightening. Each night, while he was asleep, he was conscious of the blackness outside, for his dreams were all of secret and gloomy places, such as caves, full of danger and fear.

Darkness has always been a mystery to primitive man. It was not

just the withdrawing of the light, but the coming of something else, and a sinister something, too, for it sheltered the wild, uncared-for beasts which could be kept away only by artificial light—the complete night was full of strange, unidentifiable cries and noises.

Yet a child is not born afraid of the dark. It has to be made that way. Someone else's terror has to be communicated to it, or it is naturally frightened.

This is what happened to Geoffrey. He could not remember it, for it happened when he was three years old. An older sister, mischievously and silly, told him tales of the terrors that lurked in the dark. When he was thoroughly frightened, she pulled him into doing what she wanted by pushing him outside the door and locking it. By the time their parents had found out, the damage had been done.

Mary J. has a counterpart in every home. He is Geoffrey. You don't think you are a counterpart? Can you climb a flagpole without getting dizzy? Can you look over the side from the top of a tall building without feeling afraid? If not, you have a fear of heights.

Can you play golf with a much better player without discomfort? Can you play a set of tennis against a champion without making excuses for your bad debut? If not, you have a fear of competition.

Maybe you feel embarrassed when you meet a member of the opposite sex? Maybe you climb up in company. If so, you have a feeling of inferiority—a fear that you are not as good as other people.

Fear is itself is neither abnormal nor illegal. Every human being is capable of it, and though all may not display it, all feel it at some

time or another. It is part of the ethical training of most nations that the display of fear is disgraceful; self-control even to the point of apparent inexistence is required of adult nations. This self-control is our primary means of producing security.

Fear originates in the mind, is a perception of danger. It has well-known physical characteristics. We are all familiar with the sweating hands, the trembling body, the ahen face of the frightened.

We are also familiar with the hideous results of fear — how these little glands perch on above the kidneys, the adrenals, pour forth into the bloodstream their mysterious secretion of adrenalin, a strong stimulant which will spur the body into all kinds of unusually vigorous action. As the old story-tellers say, "Your last wags to his heels". More primitively, adrenalin enabled him to run

faster than he ever had before. Life itself is so full of so many dangers that fear is a natural companion for us all. You can have a great love of cancer—and it is a very well-based one, considering that one in every five die of this terrible disease. You may well fear war. The odds for us remaining are too great for a normally intelligent person to do otherwise.

Women fear the pains of childbirth. If they did not they would be either ignorant or completely unimaginative.

Yet we do not spend our lives agonizing over the prospect of having cancer. We do not give up our businesses and go into breeding retirement because the possibility of war has become a probability. Women go on having children.

The fears have been controlled. If they are not, they swell into vast chasm which fill the whole mind and life, which run away



"You should have seen the one I just got away from!"

with all reason and consciousness . . . they have become phobias.

The seed of the phobia, therefore, is in an inherent lack of self-control. It may be a recognized lack of control, and this theory seems proved by the fact that neurotically disturbed people are more subject to phobias than are healthy ones.

But there are other factors, common to all human beings, which help the phobia to grow into the Frankensteinian monster. It often is one in the idiosyncrasies related to examine the phobia's validity in order to discover wherein lies its terror. The other is that curious human vanity which prefers to be different from others, to be in a way among a herd who are phobia-less.

Fear is the tree, and the strongest branch the phobia. But there are other lesser twigs which exhibit just as well the obstinacy and the vanity which feed them. One is the tail.

The tail-end is common among us, and even the most intelligent can produce the most trifling data. Such expressions as, "I don't bear to drink out of a thick cup"; "I'd die if I ate liver"; "I never wear cotton next to the skin" are all examples of vanity's excess.

Few of these people will tell you or can tell you they'd die before they ate liver. But they will all make sure you know they won't. They are proud of their tail. It makes them slightly different. There is a distinction to being odd. They stubbornly refuse to experiment. They are completely satisfied in their particular dislikes of the particular thing or made. They refuse to bring consciousness to work on their small position.

The tail-end can, of course, go in great lengths, until in his small

way he becomes neurotic. He may find himself unable to do arithmetic unless he is using a slide rule on pink paper; he may find himself so devoted to a certain old dreamer given that he does not feel happy out of it.

But whatever the tail, he will be proud of it, and will give it maximum publicity.

DR. WILHELM STEEGL, a pioneer in the field of psychoanalysis, and one of its greatest practitioners, had these types listed. He said: "I am strongly opposed to the suggestion that everyone should be analyzed. Many persons are much happier with their withdrawn and their neurotic attitudes than when they are not ruled by their illusions." The analyst, he held, had no right to be a dogmatic spokesman of truth at all costs. Truth was not always a sure foundation for happiness.

It is not only a pride in his affliction that is often part of the phenomena of a neurotic, but also the fact that, though he may verbally beg to be cured, he is inwardly advised that he will be cured, and is determined that he will not. He will use excess and ruse to aid his resistance.

Steeegl was convinced that there would always be incurable patients, who in their search for health, run from one analyst to another. They are patients who will try to justify their illusions belief that they are doing everything in their power to get well when, as a matter of fact, they are all the time under the dominion of the will-to-suffer. It was an easy task, in his experience, to lure a man lost in day-dreams from the recurrent realms of his fantasy into the dreary waste of a workday world of reality.

The great Vietnamese doctor said:

Sun, sand and soft drinks . . .



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'We must always take into account the neurotic's hidden pride in his belief that he is a difficult case—and of the most brilliant credo that he is above all misery; that no other person is in quite such a plight; and above all we must not forget the patient's hidden gratification at the thought that nobody in the world, not even the most famous specialist, is able to conquer his trouble.'

The victim does not wish to prove an easy case. In many instances, the disease is presented expressly for the purpose of enabling him to identify his environment and carry out his will, though at great cost to himself. The patient, at heart, is antagonistic to the analyst and is out to achieve a victory over him. By doing this he will prove himself unique, he detect beyond the power of even the greatest of mortals to heal. It depends on the individual and the circumstances of the case, but the psychoanalyst has to guard against the mistake of telling the sufferer that his case is not a very serious one, merely an everyday occurrence.

For since the neurotic usually regards his neurosis as an extraordinary work of art he is concerned at the thought of having to show his invention, the product of his genius, with others.

Again, if the cure is easy, the patient feels that his malady was trifling, a fact he will not admit or allow others to believe. As an example, Michel was treated a retired physician for four months and made him better. At the end of that time the physician happened to meet a man who had been under treatment by Freud for over a year. The physician was so amazed that he could not bring himself to do anything, he brooded

for weeks over his disappointment, the thought that his case had been cured so much more quickly. Why had Freud's patient taken a year? Didn't that mean that his case was much more serious than the physician's? And how could that be? The physician abominated the analyst for taking his case so lightly, for understanding the gravity of it.

One twig of the tree of fear is superstition. Superstitions themselves are foolish, but the inability to believe in them seems to be natural. No one ever was born with a superstition. It was instilled at an early age by someone as ignorant as, or more ignorant than, oneself. Belief in superstitions, omens, charms and so on can be shallow or deep. It can lead to a mild feeling of unease or a hysterical attack of panic.

We have all met at least one person who has been reduced to a trembling mass of terror because some superstition has been broken—either smashed, cut spilled, or a new moon seen through glass. Such a person will refuse to excuse rationality his or her superstition.

They will relably tell you how they feel, but will never around the democratic corner of WHY they feel that way. And they will invariably say, proudly, "Of course, I'm terribly superstitious."

They wouldn't be any other way for worlds. What they suffer through their superstitions is more than made up for by their feeling of difference.

Both foolish and superstition are forms of rigid taboos, more neurotic than harmful. But they are irrational habits, and as such can grow into phobias.

Recently, the taboos will often claim that his tabs are actually

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photos, though he would run from the advancing terror and nightmare existence that is provoked by a tree phobia.

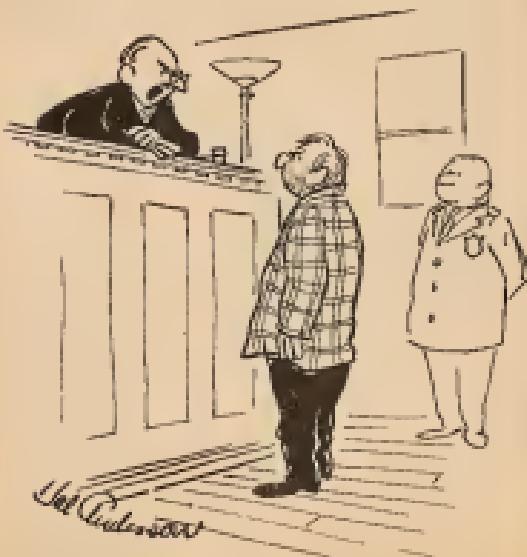
A phobia is a mortal obsession. It can accompany insanity, but it is not insanity in itself. It has been defined as a persistent abnormal fear without logical reason. Nearly all phobias, with persistent treatment and the sensible co-operation of the patient, can be cured.

It seems fairly well proved that in an enormous degree phobias originate in some previous related experience. They are not even

peculiar to human beings. A horse which has been badly frightened at a certain corner will pass that corner thereafter with ears pricked and skin twisting, ready to shy at anything. Frequently a horse will not even pass the corner at all. The memory of his previous terror runs all his nerves on edge.

The most common of the phobias is claustrophobia, or the fear of enclosed spaces—and like Mary J. had.

As fears give rise to habits, so habits give rise to fears. Modern living, with its separation of



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If you don't learn self-control, keep the habit and the fits go on. Against the type who has accustomed to his fits, who relishes it but has驯ised his fits so that it will have no ill effect on him, is the calculating type who will rub against the phobia by saying that it exists and exerting himself to a superhuman degree to prove his contention. He does not so much to establish his equality as to demonstrate his absence of inferiority.

With some this rebelliousness has been the driving force that has brought them to greatness. It is reasonable to suppose that without it they would have been mediocre. George Godwin, Lord Byron, was one, and he has his counterparts in every rank and class of humanity, whether it be the little man who bristles with aggressiveness as a compensation for his meanness or the self-glorifying ear wigs, by drunkenness, taken on the role of a Genghis Khan and the perpendicular courage of an army with bayonets.

People disliked Byron for his arrogance and intolerance; they condemned his conduct and attributed his actions to insanity. His mother, embittered by her harsh life with the predilect and hideous Captain Byron, who cruelly ill-treated her, communicated all her loathing and animosity to the child as she reared him. She abased and loved him by turns. Knowing how sensitive he was about his short feet, she yet caused himself by drawing attention to it.

It was this deformity that filled Byron, a man of narcissistic vanity, with grief and unhappiness. He was a fine boxer, swimmer, cricketer, but until his death at 36, he was continually obsessed with the desire to attain physical perfection. His

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creation, few was that he would not receive the reward and admiration he wanted—all the time. His fear possessed itself in a phobia which, in the need, drove him into weeping, brooding hours of woe and sleepless torture so he carried grievances and harboured what he imagined to be slight and critical grievances.

In general behaviour men do not like women who exhibit certain mannerisms. This may bring about in a coquette, a callow, or a plain, silly woman, a loss of, or not being popular with men in general. The imagined repercussions of such a state can be, and are, detrimental to that woman. The human mind of the three particularly is capable of basing her actions on false premises; she is liable to form wrong conclusions and so develop a phobia about certain particular types of men who are perhaps short, slight, blue-eyed, thin-clipped, or in some other way dismally different from whom she has not made a hit. Certainly it may be only a dislike at first, then a prejudice, but it can grow into a fear and a phobia capable of inducing mental distress and physical strain in its possessors.

NOT all men understand why it

is, or take the trouble to find out, but many women come to marriage with a phobia. To them sex is abhorrent; they have aathy fear of the sex act. Often this sense of guilt condemns her self-

to the husband as frigidity. George Ryter Scott, in his *Encyclopaedia of Sex*, says: "There are grounds for suggesting that the incidence of frigidity in women has always been overestimated. The stimulation of frigidity has been taken for true frigidity, and this has accounted for the widespread acceptance of anathema, sexual as a normal characteristic of the majority of the female sex."

In other words women may pretend frigidity because they have been brought up to believe that it was wrong for a woman to show any response of desire or passion. "So closely connected were sexual empathy and feminine morality that no respectable girl . . . dared to exhibit the slightest knowledge of or interest in anything pertaining to the sex act. Such knowledge or show of interest was reserved for the loose woman. The result was that sexual ardour and empathy were looked for by the husband. They were to such part and parcel of the decent woman's ethical armamentarium that in those cases where, in one way and another, sexual libido was aroused, the woman made every effort possible to readily suppress the exhibition of any outward manifestations of the force within her. In recent years, as a result of woman's sexual and social emancipation there has been a great change in regard to her reaction to such feelings; she is longer inured to such feelings,

and can understand why it is, or take the trouble to find out, but many women come to marriage with a phobia. To them sex is abhorrent; they have aathy fear of the sex act. Often this sense of guilt condemns her self-

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hatred may interest us now. This fear is not peculiar to us, though often we are afflicted and in their case the phobia can have the physical consequence of impotence. A thoughtful approach to the problem is a recognition of it, for what it is and the first steps towards conquering it, which is best achieved by honest thinking and the persistent desire to overcome the fear.

Whatever the subtleties and traps are, whether gained directly or indirectly, which prevent a woman—or a man—from fulfilling the spiritual contract of the marriage, if the fear is allowed to go unanswered, a real danger exists. Physical endurance marriage. Men and women pay the penalty of separation, stupidity and negligence in unhappy homes and unbalanced unions. Society at large pays the penalty, too, in frequent immorality, degeneracy and prostitution.

T. Bowen Parington, F.R.C.S., speaking of the advantages of perfect resting, which is as much the responsibility of the husband as of the wife and deserves generally more attention in women, has this to say about hours and their cause: "In neurosis there is a constant brooding which insinuates the sufferer from facing up to life. The neurotic woman is unhappy, she experiences numerous unpleasant symptoms, pressure on top of the head, numbness, dyspepsia, dysmenorrhea, and the like, an acute sense of her disabilities.

"She knows that her fears are groundless, but is unable to make the effort to overcome them.

"Another common nervous complaint in women is the anxiety state. It arises in the anaerobic type of women, who are confined

with some threat to their sexual, economic, or family security. The symptoms are legion, from fears of insanity to palpitations, trembling, and sweating. It is clear which is the fundamental motive of all the symptoms and signs—a fear which may be unknown, or which cannot be faced by the conscious mind. Until the ghost of the fear is laid the state of anxiety will persist and make life very difficult."

Some victims blame the object of their hate and fear for producing their phobia. Jack the Ripper was an example. All his victims were women; always they were mutilated. The theory is that he was a man who contracted venereal disease from some prostitute, and he took out his revenge on the prostitute. He is an example of the misogynist who will go to any length to make women suffer, even to murdering them, all because he hates them.

The other extreme is the man who with a similar fear of the opposite sex will go to any length to avoid them.

Among these types who scrupulously avoid women are hermits and ascetics, who feel that by shutting themselves away from all female contact they are removing themselves from the dangers of temptation. Their phobias may be formed because: They regard women as devils opposing the ascetic and celibate life; they wish to practice, women may completely ignore them; because of some physical defect or constitutional impediment they may not be able to fulfill with women the purposes of temptation.

The reason, whatever it may be, is usually inherent in their own weakness. They usually adopt an attitude of critical disengagement.

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As it appears to the Irish here, when you
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their fellow men in order to justify their superiority.

The lives of some people are ordered by the fear of failure. A man wants to act, and, by writing, but he is afraid to try. By trying, he is putting himself to the test, and he secretly fears that he will not pass it. He would then prove himself a failure. He would rather remain in that state of mind, state of not knowing what he might have been had he tried. Primarily the reason is vanity and egotism, but the fear may be genuine, and that he should make an irrevocable decision—whether he is his own best, and not better not to try anything at all rather than subject his self-esteem to the risk of injury.

Agoraphobia, or fear of open spaces, is also not an uncommon ailment people might think. As with most phobias it is true that though the victim fears open spaces he does not know why.

There was the case of a bank cashier. Worried, he presented himself before a psychiatrist who was able to prove that the young man was tormented with the thought of embroiling a large sum of money and making his escape to America—he was under the domination of an uncontrollable impulse. Once the criminal impulse was revealed the cashier recovered from his passion and his phobia vanished.

For thirty years a woman victim of agoraphobia had lived in a

room. Through she yearned to travel it was impossible. She found herself unable to do out even with an escort. She submitted herself to a psychiatrist. After six months there was such an improvement in her condition that for all practical purposes she was cured. She could walk for long distances without any fear.

However, a few days before the termination of the analysis, she was suddenly attacked by dread while in the street. She stood rooted to the spot she wanted to return.

Disconcerted, she told the analyst what had happened. He found that the attack was genuine enough, but was brought on by anxiety to return under treatment. The woman could not bear, in common with most other such types of sufferers, to think that the treatment was at an end and that she was well. Before she had the courage to protect her. Now she had to go through this without it. This was a formidable dread because she did not feel confident to cope with the uncertainties of life.

Patients are not out of debacles and vicissitudes. A man walking down the street in the belief that he was cured suddenly could go no further. He ran back home and locked himself in. He suffered the hallucination that he had no clothes on and therefore he could not appear in public.

A woman walked into town stopped. How could she explain?



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ARTHROSIS. Mrs. Davies, of Tonbridge, suffered in body with arthritis of the hands that she could hardly curl a piece of cloth with fingers. After using Malgla for a month Mrs. Davies reported: "I was amazed to find I could curl a piece of galvanized iron with the help."

RHEUMATISM. Mrs. L.G., a 75-year-old Sydney lady, suffered for years from rheumatism. She was unable to walk without a stick. After using her first jar of Malgla, Mrs. L.G. wrote saying: "I am now able to walk without a stick."

NEURITIS. A North Brighton lady, Mrs. J.M.P., says in a letter that she was a sufferer to neuritis in both arms and legs for 4 months before trying Malgla. After home-treatment with Malgla, Mrs. P. says: "I am quite satisfied and convinced of a wonderful cream for neuritis, rheumatism, etc."

SPONDYLITIS. Mr. R. D. O'Gallagher, of Liffey, writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Malgla Adrenalin Cream. I found it so good for my spasmodic fits of the back. I only used it three times when my back got better."

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She was standing naked and barefoot. The skeleton didn't matter so much, but how could she go into the town without her shoes on? She dreaded the idea. Arrived back home, she told others who pointed out that her shoes were still on her feet. The analyst found that the woman had been involved in a divorce case and that the injured wife had *wanted* to throw sand on her face. The hallucinated woman was terrified of meeting her.

It is obvious that the associations made and the delirious nervous states are fruitful fields for psychosis, and that generally these arise from the specific cause of the anxiety.

A farmer whose property was gradually being stolen by erosion learned to hate and dread the coming of the wind which was blowing his good top-soil away into the sea. At the sound of the rising wind he would curse and rant. It was an unfeeling opponent, yet his urge for self-preservation forced him always to fight it.

Day by day he saw the deterioration of his pastures and the dwindling of his financial resources. He grew thin and embittered anxiety ruined his appetite and brought him sleep. This added to his anxiety, but he had the answer to it. It was all the fault of the wind. Systematically he rushed from the general to the particular.

The wind was evading him as it was creating new land, drying up and withering his flesh as it fed his pasture. He led on this torturing delusion until he broke down mentally. In his madness he had no terror from the sound of wind. He was continually feeling the ribs, or weighing himself on imaginary machines. Anæstrophobia, fear of the wind, destroyed him

entirely, for he was never cured. FEAR of death is natural to everyone except the most unimaginative. Yet the majority of us have to regard the inevitable prospect with resignation. Most people meet death bravely and with dignity. The person possessed of thanatophobia, however, becomes himself right through his life with the great terror of losing that life. Death shuns him as the answer, who, faced with inevitable death and a firm conviction of punishment in the next world, goes into a state of horror and terror. The man with the phobia of death may be mad or sane. What *is* going to happen to him in eternity does not matter; it is the conclusion of his temporal life that worries him.

He spends every minute avoiding the contingencies of death. He is a hypochondriac. If he has a headache he is about to die of a coronary condition. If a spot appears on his chest he has tuberculosis. He avoids the doctor's surgery. He continually twists himself up so that he will be strong enough to overcome any passing malaise. He is afraid to go to sleep in case he does not wake up. Yet in this life that he avoids so much he is not happy. The torture of his phobia prevents him from experiencing contentment. A pitiable and always lonely creature, his mind free from fears from his fears unconsciously coupled with a weak will. He loves himself so intensely he cannot bear the thought of losing himself.

Anæstrophobia, the much-publicised fear of high places, is often a nonsense. Fear of heights is natural. Even small children realize that they are liable to fall from such places. That feeling of horror you experience when you look

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down from a precipice, the thumping sensation in the soles of the feet, the clenching攫取着 palms—these are all normal reactions and disappear when rationalized. Give way to them and you're setting yourself up for a neurosis.

When a sleepwalker, a pilot, a tree lopper falls he goes up again if he did not the fall may become a phobia. Nothing would take him to extremes but dread of heights.

For a person with unsafe feelings or a history to turn dairy high places are a real hazard. But it must be remembered that because such persons avoid these common sources of danger they are necessarily suffering from neurosis.

The real neurotic cannot bear to get off the ground. If she goes it is most often because one day up a ladder she climbs desperately, shorts her steps, and is too paralysed with fear even to climb down again. She sneezes, trembles, her blood pressure is lowered, her muscles go rigid. Once reacted, she will exhibit all the symptoms of shock.

The neurotic usually manages to avoid, unconsciously, all high places. Sometimes she remembers her memory and finds there is a painful fall in childhood. Other times the fall is too fresh to be remembered. But it is almost certain to be there somewhere.

We have all met the individual who "won't stand over." This is as trivial a phobia as usually occurs neurotically, and is very often just

down to imagination. Still, it has often been proved that a cat-hater will become uneasy when in the same room with a cat he could not possibly know is there, and will sometimes turn with terror when he discovers the animal.

The psychiatrist again says that the cat is associated with some childhood fright, perhaps a cat lying on the face of the patient when he was a child. But most doctors say that the cat-hater knows of the presence of the hidden cat by a very simple method. He is allergic to cat hair, and, moreover, perhaps by the slight irritation of head movements reduces when the animal is in the room.

The pyrophobe is the direct opposite of the pyromaniac, a weak-willed individual who gets an artificial sexual satisfaction from the sight of a fire, particularly if lives are lost. The pyrophobe goes around putting out fires. He is terrified of his house catching on fire, and will go again and again to make sure the ashes are banked or the gas has been turned off. He never smokes in case he drops a lit cigarette on himself.

It is my chance that clothing does catch on fire, he flies into a blind panic and is usually severely burned before anyone can catch him to get out the fire. Again, most pyrophobes are women. Nearly all women dread fire more than do men. You will have observed how quickly a woman smoker will drop a cigarette into

an ash tray to extinguish it. She will almost never leave the bath to extinguish. Practical and non-neurotic, women have a far greater regard for possessions, particularly domestic possessions, than men, and will run no risk of their total destruction.

The natural resulting thousands of people have for spiders and snakes is not a phobia but an instinct, and often irrational fear. It has reached the bizarre peak of its development in the optimist who will not only become hysterical at the sight of a snake, but will see snakes where they are not and undergo a torment of terror at the imaginary reality.

Look yourself over. You may not have an individual fear, folly, or phobia, but may share or participate in one that is common to thousands of people all fearing a uncontrollable urge of fear of one particular object. It affects your everyday life in one way or another. This fear does not necessarily always relate to the object itself, but often to the consequences produced by an springing from that object. Whitehead started mob law Communism does the same today. It is not the Communist who is scared so much at what he stands for—a way of life that may conflict with your own; a threat to your security.

You can't afford to be scared, and say, Ah, that's all for the other fellow. Is there in your make-up a streak of neurosis? Do you have an irrational fear and distrust of foreigners? Do there something in you that makes you fear what you don't understand?

It's worth reflecting upon. Remember this—behind the phobia stands the neuroticism, and worse. Don't suppose anything like that—deal with it.

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WICK WIPS

They say that instinct is indeed in all creatures. And you know what instinct is—that faculty which tells a woman whether a man needs encouragement or intervention.

Of course, a girl has to watch herself! One girl we know had a medical check-up. When asked by her instant boss why she looked so happy to-day, she replied: "I went to the doctor to-day and he says these lamps on my arms are nothing to worry about—they're only muscles."

There are all sorts of girls and there is a man for each sort. One fellow we met got a girl who was really something; she was the sort of girl you would bring home to meet your mother—after you had told your father in the papers.

Watch the girl who would keep you at arm's length. This type usually is careful that you do not get farther away than that. And many a girl who seems to be throwing herself at a man is taking very careful aim.

Lots of girls get snappy on the eve of matrimony, but they don't show up their usual colors.

"All the nice girls love a major," goes the song. Well, you know what soldiers are—wolves in sheep's clothing.

66 CAVALCADE, March, 1933

Because a girl is lovesick is no sign that she'll take any old pill that comes along.

Legally a girl is a minor until she is 18. After that she often becomes a gold digger. And you know what a gold digger does, the likes to curl up in a corner with a good cheap book.

A girl who goes joy-riding does not need a road map to know where to follow if direction of. You can never tell about a joy ride. It is made up of girls from all walks of life.

These days cars are streamlined. So are girls. And, because a girl has a streamlined figure, it is no sign that she has no resistance.

We have been told that known speeds get out. We don't know about that, but we do know it lowers resistance.

Remember, girls, because a travelling man knows the best hotel doesn't necessarily mean that he knows when to stop.

A girl is happy when she gets what she wants, and the likes to be the envy of her friends. But if one of those friends should notice her home, she becomes green with jealousy. We know a girl who one day sat in a green armchair for two hours before anyone noticed her.

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